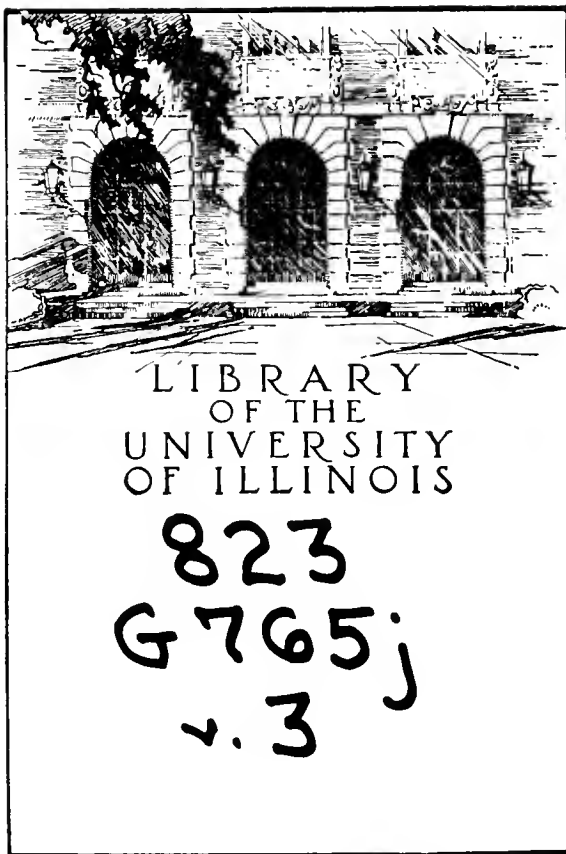
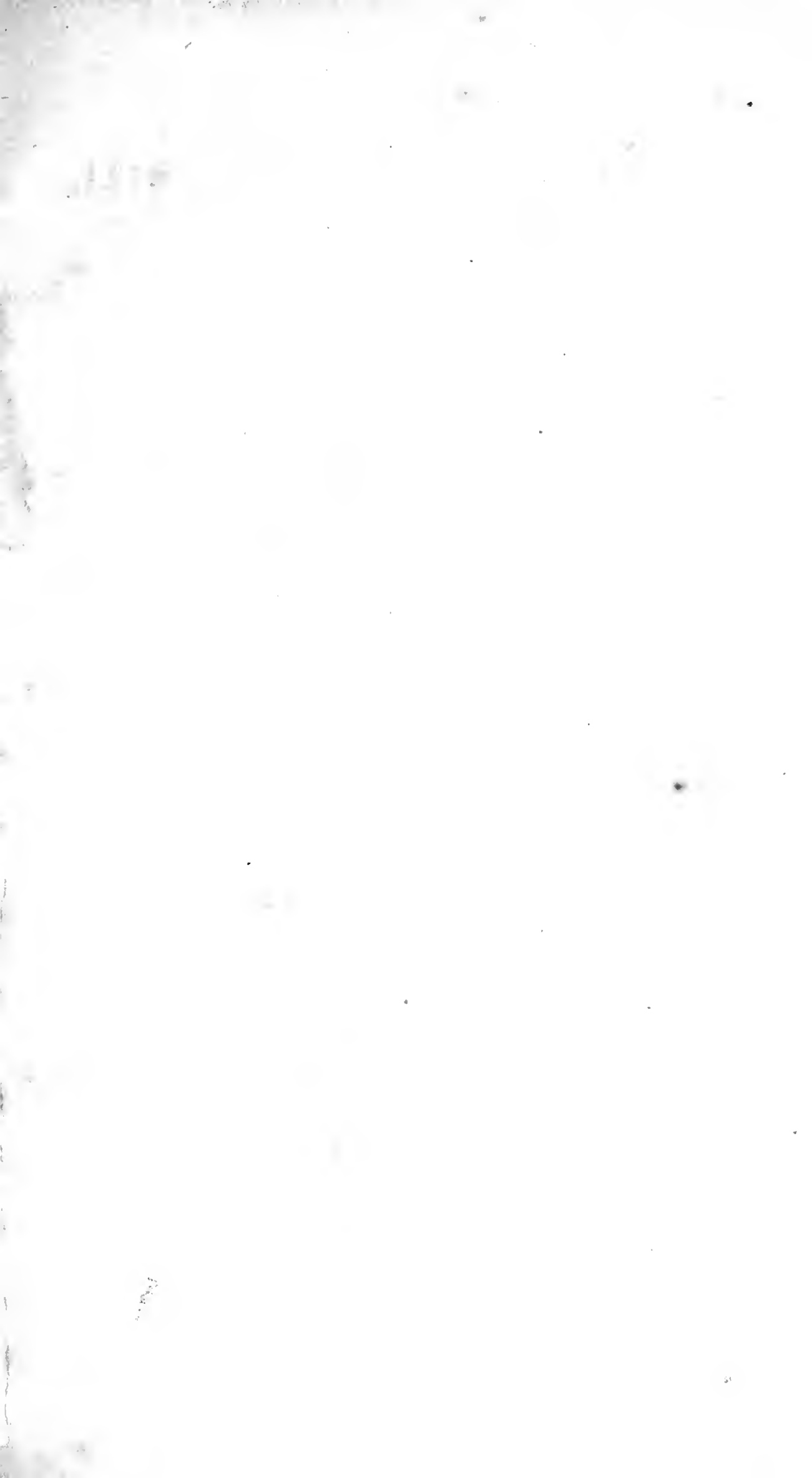


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JOSEPH JENKINS;

OR,

George Wilson Jones

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE

OF A

LITERARY MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS,” “THE
GREAT METROPOLIS,”

&c. &c.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
Joseph resolves on visiting his native place—His feelings on reaching it—His emotions on entering the house in which his mother died	1

CHAPTER II.

Joseph visits interesting places in his native county—The Elgin Cathedral—Sueno's Pillar at Forres—The place where Macbeth met with the three weird sisters—The river Findhorn	10
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

Joseph goes to a penny wedding—Penny weddings in the Highlands of Scotland—General remarks	41
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

Pluscarden Abbey—Its antiquity and situation—Curious traditionary legend connected with it	58
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
Joseph visits a friend in Alves—Sacramental services in the parish church—Moderatism and evangelism in Scotland contrasted	74

CHAPTER VI.

Joseph quits his native place to return to London—Meets with the “Dr. Hornbook” of Burns, in Glasgow—Their conversation together—Curious and interesting particulars respecting Burns and Dr. Hornbook, which have not before been published	96
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

Is again sent to the country to attend contested elections—Publishes an account of his journey, by way of quizzing modern books of travels	111
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

Joseph loses his engagement—His growing pecuniary embarrassments—Remarks on periodical and general literature, considered as a profession—Joseph’s disappointments	164
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX.

The extremities to which Joseph is reduced—Visits a pawnbroker’s shop to borrow money—His feelings	176
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

Makes great efforts, but without success, to obtain literary employment—Hollowness of literary friendship—Public ingratitude—A dying scene—Departed friends	189
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CONTENTS.

v

CHAPTER XI.

	PAGE
Joseph obliged to revisit the pawnbroker's—Pawnbroker's manners—Increasing pressure of Joseph's circumstances—Leaves his lodgings	205

CHAPTER XII.

Joseph's new lodgings—Painfulness of his position, in consequence of the conflict between his necessities and feelings—Resolves to advertise for a wife with money—The issue of the expedient	214
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

Efforts of congregational associations to ameliorate the condition of the suffering poor—State of the population in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane—An instance given of Christian benevolence—A distressed family—A stranger	241
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Kindly feelings of the poor towards each other—A father's feelings—Mr. Freeling and a medical friend revisit the family introduced in the previous chapter—Their dying daughter—The stranger alluded to in the last chapter—A scene of suffering	258
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV.

Death of the girl referred to in the previous chapter—Joseph's gradual recovery—Becomes a changed man	279
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Something retrospective—Joseph's recovery—Joins a Christian congregation—His happy frame of mind—Obtains a situation—Marries—Becomes a partner—The conclusion	283
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

JOSEPH JENKINS.

CHAPTER I.

Joseph resolves on visiting his native place—His feelings on reaching it—His emotions on entering the house in which his mother died.

Who that has, for any length of time, lived in a strange land, has not been often seized with a longing desire to breathe once more his native air, and to revisit localities endeared to him by the most delightful, because the earliest associations? There is something inexpressibly pleasant in once more beholding friends and objects with whom one was familiar from the first dawnings of consciousness, and in gazing anew on those rural scenes which first delighted the juvenile eye. Every spot in the place of one's nativity possesses a charm in the eyes

of him whose lot it has been to be long absent from it. Even the walls of his infant home,—the chairs, the tables, and every other object on which his childish vision was accustomed to gaze, exhibit a loveliness, in his view, of which language can convey no idea. The trees or bushes in the garden, the running rivulet in the neighbourhood, and the woods, and mountains, and meadows, in the surrounding country—all things, indeed, whether they be the workmanship of nature or of art, which his eye was in the habit of encountering in the boyish era of his existence, are now arrayed in a drapery of surpassing loveliness. Scarcely more dear, indeed, to his heart are the living forms of his friends. With these objects, inanimate though they be, he can hold communion. They revive a thousand recollections of his earliest and happiest days. Memories which have, for many a long year, lain buried in his heart, suddenly gush up in his mind with as much vigour and vividness as if they were but of yesterday.

Inanimate objects are, for the moment, invested with the attribute of consciousness. They become vocal also—speaking, in language which makes its way directly to the heart, of the feelings and pursuits, the sports and the pastimes of his boyish days.

Joseph Jenkins had, for some years past, been the slave of an eager desire to revisit his native place. His heart yearned after one more sight of the house in which his mother died. He longed to gaze again on the singularly beautiful scenery of Morayshire, on which, with all the enthusiasm of youth and the taste of one who had always an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature, he had so often rested his eye with rapturous delight. Twelve long years had now passed since he had quitted the place of his nativity; and he resolved, whatever might be the inconvenience to himself, once more to revisit the lovely valleys and majestic mountains of Morayshire. There were difficulties in the way of his going

in the manner and under the circumstances he could wish. These we will not name. The reader will, no doubt, at once perceive what they were. They were, however, overcome; at least, they were so in a great measure; and Joseph, with exulting heart, embarked at Miller's Wharf for Aberdeen, thence to proceed by coach to Elgin.

In four days after he had quitted the metropolis, he reached Elgin. Though he had been born in a village a few miles from Elgin, he considered that town as a portion of his native place. At its academy, then, as now, famed for the attainments of its masters, and their success in communicating instruction to their pupils, he had received his education, until the period arrived at which he went to the College of Aberdeen. There he had formed all his schoolboy friendships—much more productive of pleasure, because more sincere and unsophisticated, than those which are formed in maturer life. There, too, were purchased all the toys,

sweetmeats, and other boyish presents—items which go far to make up the sum of juvenile bliss—with which his fond mother was ever loading him.

It was, therefore, no wonder if, as Joseph first descried Elgin, with its magnificent cathedral, and the lofty umbrageous trees which skirt its eastern and northern extremities, and which are interspersed, in many parts, with the houses themselves; it was no wonder if, as Joseph first beheld the ancient borough, while passing over the Stonecast (pronounced Stone-coss) Hill, his heart leaped with joy, and the blood rushed to his face. A crowd of reflections instantly rose in his mind, which it is not in the power of language to convey to others. Those only who recollect the feelings with which they first beheld the place of their nativity after a protracted absence from it, can have any conception of what was passing in Joseph's mind at this interesting moment. Five minutes more, and he entered the town. At

every successive revolution which the wheels of the coach performed, he recognised faces which were familiar to him in the spring-time of life. Again and again did his heart beat with joy, as his eye encountered the countenances of those shopkeepers (in the north of Scotland, called merchants), standing in their doors, from whom his mother was in the habit of purchasing the articles she required, and with several of whom he himself had had somewhat extensive transactions in the way of purchasing sweetmeats. Vivid recollections of penny cakes of gingerbread, lumps of sugar candy, pocketfuls of lozenges, "sweeties," &c., flashed across his mind, as he once more caught a glimpse of the faces of those who, a quarter of a century before, had weighed or measured out these delectable luxuries to him. Commingling with these remembrances, there was the melancholy consciousness, arising from the many countenances, unknown to him, which his eye met as he proceeded along High Street, of the great

changes that had taken place in the aspect of the population since he had quitted Elgin. The conviction forced itself with a saddening power on his mind that, when he saw so many new and missed so many old faces, no small number of those who were known to him when he left the place, must have been conveyed, in mournful procession, through the principal street to the cathedral burying-ground at the eastern end of the town. The train of reflection to which he was insensibly resigning himself, was suddenly interrupted by the stopping of the coach at the Gordon Arms Hotel, then kept by Mr. John Webster, as kind-hearted and blythe a Boniface as was to be met with on the road; one, moreover, who will, doubtless, from his long connexion with the Gordon Arms, first as waiter, and afterwards as "mine host," be known to many of our English readers. Here, as the day was far spent, and he was considerably fatigued by a journey of sixty-six miles on the top of the coach—that journey

following so close on the heels of a sea-voyage of upwards of five hundred miles—Joseph resolved on resting for the night, without calling on any of his friends, or apprising them of his arrival.

Next morning Joseph got up early, and hurried out to the house, a few miles distant from Elgin, in which he had dwelt for the last ten years of his Scottish life, and in which his mother had breathed her last. It was with a melancholy pleasure that he entered it. Every object he saw—for the party who had taken the house previous to his quitting Scotland, had also purchased the furniture—every object he saw brought back to his mind the recollection of past days, with an almost paralyzing power. There was not a fixture or a piece of furniture in the house, that was not connected, in one way or other, with some interesting incident of his earlier years. But of all that he saw, nothing so directly went to his heart, or so powerfully affected him, as the chair in which

his mother had usually sat. It had been with her a favourite chair, because the gift of a dear departed friend. There it stood, in precisely the same place as that in which it was invariably to be found when his mother was at her meals, or when sitting at the fire employed in needle or any other work. It was still occupied; but, alas! it was by another. Joseph's love for his mother came welling from the fountain of his heart. He had been sad before; the sight of the chair with another sitting in it—a mother, certainly, but not *his* mother—was too much for him. His feelings obtained the mastery; he sat down, and gave vent to the emotions which agitated his bosom, in a flood of tears.

CHAPTER II.

Joseph visits interesting places in his native county—The Elgin Cathedral—Sueno's Pillar at Forres—The place where Macbeth met with the three weird sisters — The river Findhorn.

PERHAPS there are few counties in the kingdom so distinguished as that of Moray, for the objects and scenes of interest with which it abounds. In the remains of ancient public buildings remarkable for the excellence of their architecture, it may be safely said to stand unrivalled. Among the latter, are the Elgin Cathedral, the Abbey of Pluscarden, and the Abbey of Kinloss.

There were four places which Joseph determined to visit before he quitted his native county. These were, the Elgin Cathedral, the

spot in which Sueno's Pillar is situated, the place at which Macbeth met with the weird sisters, and the scenery on the banks of the river Findhorn.

Living, as he had done, so many years in the neighbourhood of Elgin, before quitting Scotland, he had repeatedly visited the Elgin Cathedral. As, however, the remains of his mother lay in the burying-ground which surrounds it, the place possessed peculiar though, in some respects, painful attractions to him. Of each of these places, with the exception of the banks of the Findhorn, he afterwards gave some account in one of the metropolitan publications.

Elgin Cathedral is allowed by all to be one of the most magnificent ruins in the kingdom. It is situated at the east end of the burgh, commonly called the College of Elgin. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, Pope Honorius, in compliance with a request made to him to that effect, instructed Bishop Andrew

Moray to build a cathedral at Spynie, a place about a mile and a half northward from Elgin. The bishop was not pleased with the proposed situation: he consequently petitioned his Holiness to be allowed to build it at Elgin, as a more eligible place. The Pope complied with the bishop's request, and by his bull, dated the 4th of April, 1224, granted full power to erect a cathedral at the east end of Elgin, which should be declared the cathedral church of the diocese of Moray in all time coming. The foundation stone of the original building (for, as will be presently seen, it was destroyed and rebuilt) was laid by the bishop on the 17th of July in the same year. About 160 years after its erection, the building was completely destroyed. It was burned to the ground by a personage well known both in the page of history and in the traditionary legends of Scotland. The circumstances under which its destruction took place, were these:—Lord Badenoch (son of Robert the Second of Scotland), better known by the

name of "The Wolf of Badenoch," was excommunicated by the Church, in consequence of having seized on the bishop's lands in Badenoch, and expressed his determination to keep forcible possession of them. Resolved to revenge himself on those of his enemies at whose instance this ecclesiastical punishment had been inflicted on him, he, in the summer of 1390, burned the whole town of Forres, a place about twelve miles westward of Elgin, together with the manse and the choir of the church. In the course of next month, he also burned to ashes the town of Elgin, the Cathedral Church, and eighteen houses of the canons and chaplains in the College, then, as now, forming the suburbs of the borough.

The Wolf of Badenoch, however, was not suffered to commit these depredations on civil and ecclesiastical property with impunity. Proceedings were forthwith instituted against him, and he was obliged to make suitable reparation; which having done, and having, at the same

publicly expressed his penitence, he received absolution at the hands of Walter Trail, Bishop of St. Andrews, in Blackfriars Church at Perth.

The rebuilding of the Cathedral Church was commenced with all possible expedition, under the superintendence of Bishop Barr—every parish in the diocese paying a subsidy, and all the canons contributing for the purpose. In consequence, however, of the commotions of the times, a considerable period elapsed before the building was completed. But in order that it might be protracted as little as possible, the chapter met, in 1414, on the death of Bishop Innes, and bound themselves by a solemn oath, that whoever should be elected bishop, should appropriate one-third of his revenue for the purpose of advancing the building of the cathedral. How long it took to complete it, is not known, but it is supposed to have been about twenty years.

The style of the building, like that of all other great edifices of the period, was what is

called the florid Gothic. The cathedral stood due east and west, and was built in the form of a cross. The length of the building was 264 feet, the breadth 35 feet, and the length of the transept 114 feet. There were five great towers; two of which were at the west end, one in the middle, and two at the east end. The two west towers, so far as regards the stone-work, are still entire, and measure 84 feet each in height. What the height of the spires was, cannot now be ascertained. It is conjectured by some authors who have written about Elgin, that they were of wood, and that they must consequently have fallen long since. The centre tower must have been the grandest; for, including the spire, it measured 198 feet in height, and lasted long after the others had been reduced to the state in which they now stand. The two towers at the east end are still entire, as far as relates to the stone-work, but they were not nearly so large as the others. The grand entry, which was a very rich speci-

men of architecture, was between the two towers at the west end.

An opinion used to be generally entertained, and still prevails among the less informed classes of the community, that the present ruinous state of the Elgin Cathedral is to be ascribed to the blind and bigoted fury of the Reformers in the days of John Knox. Nothing could be farther from the fact. In "Keith's History of the Bishops of Scotland," there is inserted an act of the Privy Council, dated Edinburgh, Feb. 14, 1567-8, in which it is expressly enjoined on the Earl of Huntley, and his deputies, the Sheriffs of Elgin and Forres, and the Bishops of Aberdeen and Moray, &c., "that they defend and assist Alexander Clark and William Birnie, and their servants, in taking down and selling the lead which covered the Cathedrals of Aberdeen and Elgin." From the same unquestionable authority, it appears that the Earl of Murray, then Regent of Scotland, was greatly in want of money to enable

him, by means of military force, to put down the rebellion which existed at that time in several parts of the kingdom; and that it was for the purpose of attempting to replenish his exhausted coffers, that the lead was taken off the roofs of these cathedrals, and disposed of by sale. Agreeably to the mandate of the Regent, the Elgin and Aberdeen Cathedrals were unroofed, and the lead was shipped at the latter place for Holland; but scarcely had the vessel left the harbour, than she sunk, and, with her crew and cargo, was wholly lost. The foundering of the vessel was attributed by popular superstition to the circumstance of the captain being a Roman Catholic. The Elgin Cathedral, thus uncovered, was never repaired, owing, no doubt, to the progress which the doctrines of the Reformation had by this time made; and, being thus exposed to the elements, the wooden part of the great tower gradually gave way, and on the morning of Easter Sunday, 1711, it fell to the ground with a tremendous crash.

Fortunately, though a great many persons had been on the spot a few minutes previously, there were none at the moment of its falling.

The diocese of Moray, of which this splendid building was the cathedral church, was one of very great extent. It comprised the counties of Elgin, or Moray, and Nairn, and the greater part of the counties of Banff and Inverness. It had no fewer than fifty-six pastoral charges belonging to it. The last bishop of the diocese was Patrick Hepburn, well known in Scottish history as the ecclesiastic who was fined for receiving into his house the intercommuned Earl of Bothwell, one of the husbands of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots.

The cathedral is surrounded by a burying-ground, one of the largest churchyards perhaps in Great Britain. In it are interred the remains of many distinguished persons, including several of the Kings of Scotland. Among the Scottish monarchs whose bones repose in this place, may be mentioned Duncan, who was murdered by

Macbeth. The churchyard is enclosed by a stone wall. What with the number of the graves, the beauty and variety of the sculptured memorials of departed worth and greatness, and the grandeur of the dilapidated cathedral—a building which is indeed pre-eminently magnificent even in its ruins—the scene is calculated to make a strong impression on the spectator.

During Joseph's stay in Elgin, he paid repeated visits to the cathedral; not on every occasion for the purpose of seeing the building itself, but sometimes with the view of lingering among the graves in the surrounding burial-ground. There rested the remains not only of his mother, but of many of his acquaintances, who, during his sojourn in England, had been consigned to the narrow house.

On the day following his first visit to the cathedral, he set out for Forres, which, as already mentioned, is twelve miles westward of Elgin, to see Sueno's Pillar or Stone, in the immediate neighbourhood of that town. This

curious and interesting stone is admitted on all hands to be the most singular monument of the kind in Great Britain, perhaps in Europe. Many of our most distinguished antiquarians are indeed of opinion, that it has no parallel in any country, Egypt excepted. It is cut out of a large block of granite, of the hardest kind to be found in Scotland. In height it measures twenty-five feet, and in breadth, near its base, about four feet. It is divided into seven departments. It is sculptured on both sides ; but the eastern side is by far the most interesting, not only because it is more crowded with figures, but because these figures are executed in a manner which shows that those by whose instructions it was erected, regarded it as the side which should chiefly perpetuate whatever occurrence it was intended to record. The highest department of the obelisk contains representations of nine horses, each with a rider. The latter is apparently rejoicing at the accomplishment of some important object—most

probably some great victory which has been gained. The figures on this division of the stone are more defaced by time than those on the other divisions, but are still sufficiently distinct to prevent any mistake as to what they are. In the next department appear a number of men, all in a warlike attitude. Some are brandishing their weapons; while others, as if exulting at some joyful event, are represented as holding their shields on high. Others, again, are represented in the act of joining hands, as if reciprocally giving a pledge of encouragement and assistance. In the centre of the next line of figures, appear two warriors, who are, seemingly, either making preparations for, or already engaged in, single combat; while their respective friends are witnessing the conflict with the liveliest interest. Next there are a group of figures witnessing one of their number beheading, in cold blood, the prisoners who have been taken in war. Close to this is a kind of canopy, which covers the heads of those

who have been executed. This canopy is guarded by men, each bearing a halbert. A number of dead bodies are lying on one side. Next are trumpeters blowing their trumpets, in testimony, no doubt, of the triumph which has been obtained by the parties, whose deeds of valour the monument is intended to commemorate. In the next division are seen a troop of horses put to flight by a band of infantry, whose first line are armed with bows and arrows; while those who follow are accoutred with swords and targets. In the next and last department, the horses seem to be seized by the conquering party, the riders are beheaded, and the head of the chief or leader is suspended; which is probably meant to denote the same degradation as if it were hung in chains. The other side of the obelisk is chiefly occupied with a large cross. Beneath it are two persons, evidently of great consequence. They are accompanied by a retinue of attendants, and embrace each other as if in the act of becoming reconciled.

Such is a description of this very extraordinary monument. As to its origin, or the particular events it was intended to commemorate, we are unfortunately left in uncertainty. Every historian, every traveller, and, indeed, most of the antiquarians in Scotland, have all more or less turned their attention to the subject; but no two of them are agreed as to the purposes for which it was erected. Some suppose, from the circumstance of the cross being on the obverse side, that it was planted to commemorate the first establishment of Christianity in Scotland. This, however, is very unlikely; for, had that been its object, it is difficult to see what connexion so many warlike figures could have had with it. Others maintain that it was raised in memory of the battle of Mortlach, which battle, having been gained by the Scots over the Danes, eventually led to the expulsion of the latter from the kingdom. This is also a very improbable hypothesis—the battle in question having been fought nearly twenty

miles from the spot where the stone is erected. In fact, there is scarcely any event of national importance that occurred between the commencement of the tenth and the close of the twelfth century—for the date of the pillar is generally supposed to lie between these two periods—which has not been supposed by some antiquarian or other, to have been the cause of its erection.

The hypothesis of the Rev. Charles Cordiner, a Scottish antiquarian of the last century, respecting the origin of this monument, appears the most probable. His opinion is, that it was raised to commemorate the defeat and expulsion from Scotland, by the Scots, of those Scandinavian adventurers mentioned in the “Annals of Torfans,” who, joined by a number of chieftains from the opposite coast of Caithness, had, in the ninth century, established themselves at the neighbouring promontory of Burghead—the most northern point to which the expedition of Agricola penetrated—and who, during the

150 years they kept possession of the place, committed the most extensive depredations throughout the surrounding country. In support of his hypothesis, Mr. Cordiner reasons in this way:—"In their sanguine endeavours to extend their sway, and, at the same time, secure a more speedy retreat to their lines, when carrying off booty, or baffled in any attempt, the aid of cavalry was of essential and almost indispensable importance, and naturally became the distinguishing characteristic of their forces. Of consequence, as it was the great object of Caledonian policy and valour to seize their horses, in order to defeat their enterprises; so when, at a fortunate period, they succeeded in totally routing the Scandinavian bands, and compelling them to leave their shores, if they wished to erect a conspicuous memorial of the event, the most striking article would be, to exhibit the seizure of the horses, and the inflicting of a capital penalty on their riders; and this is done in the most conspicuous department of the

column. It is moreover evident, from the concurring testimony of history and tradition, that part of the troops and warlike adventurers who had embarked in the grand expedition undertaken by Olaus, Prince of Norway, about the year 1000, did reinforce the garrison at Eccialsbacca, in the Burgh of Moray, and made some daring advances towards the subduing of the surrounding counties; and that, soon after that period, their repeated defeats induced them wholly to relinquish their settlement in that province. No event was therefore more likely to become a subject of national gratitude and honour than those actions in which the princes of Norway and their military adherents were totally defeated, and which so fully paved the way for returning peace to smile over these harassed and extensive territories. And, in consequence of the Scandinavian forces finally evacuating their posts, a treaty of amicable alliance might be formed between Malcolm and Canute, or Sueno, King of Norway; and the

august figures on the base of the cross have been sculptured to express that important reconciliation ; while the figures on the adjacent edge of the obelisk, which are joined hand in hand, and in attitudes of friendly communication, may allude to the new degrees of mutual confidence and security which took place after the feuds were settled that are represented on the front of the column."

The traditions of the country are certainly more in favour of this view of the matter, than of any other hypothesis which has been advanced. The very name, indeed, given to the pillar—viz. "Sueno's Stone," which it has retained from time immemorial, shows that the opinion of the peasantry in the district always has been, that that Norwegian monarch must, in some way or other, have been connected with its erection.

Having several acquaintances in Forres, Joseph, after quitting the site of Sueno's Stone, proceeded to that delightful town, where he

spent the night. On the following day, being, as mentioned in a previous part of the work, exceedingly fond of natural scenery, he resolved on spending some hours in feasting his vision on the rich and varied scenery for which the banks of the neighbouring river Findhorn, have been always famed.

With the exception of two or three miles, immediately before it empties itself into an arm of the Moray Frith, the scenery along the whole course of this river is exceedingly beautiful. From Altyre to Relugas, a distance of five or six miles—the former being three or four miles from Forres—the scenery exceeds anything which it were possible for the most fertile imagination to conceive. The former estate belongs to Sir William Gordon Cumming; and the other, at the period at which Joseph paid his visit to Scotland, was the property of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder; and, as both baronets were remarkable for their taste, the effect of the magnificent scenery along the banks of the

river, was greatly heightened by the rich plantations and forests belonging to them, which the eye was able to take in from many of the places whence the best view of the Findhorn was to be had. Joseph has often, since then, declared, that never, in the whole course of his existence, did he gaze on any scene with such rapture as that with which he beheld the magnificent scenery on this river, five or six miles above Forres. It was on a fine August morning, with as clear a sky as any of which Italia herself could ever boast, that, accompanied by a friend, he set out from Forres in search of the sublime and beautiful in nature—if, indeed, a person can be said to set out in search of anything which he knows he is sure to find. After Joseph had reached the banks of the river, a little on the south-west side of Altyre, every fresh step he took opened up new beauties to him. But there was one spot whence was commanded a view which, for its native majesty, its wild magnificence, and the prodigality of its rich-

ness, has, we verily believe, but few parallels in Europe. It seemed one grand amphitheatre, of unparalleled extent; or, rather, a series of amphitheatres, slightly separated by the windings of the river and the serpentine shape of the mighty mountains which formed the river's banks. At one place, the mountainous banks along the margin of the river were covered, on either side, with rich verdure; at another, there was nothing but craggy rock. Here the banks gradually sloped; there, they rose almost perpendicularly. In either case they were covered with luxuriant heath, largely interspersed with bramble bushes; while the oak, the larch, the fir, and various other trees, all of nature's planting, rose up in every direction, and were all so beautifully blended together as to give a surpassing richness to the general scene. On the day before, heavy rains had descended in that part of the Highlands whence the Findhorn takes its rise; the river was, in consequence, considerably swollen, and foamed and roared as

it dashed along its course, in a way which was equally striking to the eye and the ear. To add to the grandeur of the view, various small islands, richly studded with trees, stunted in height, but abundantly clothed with foliage, sprang up in the centre of the river; while, to give still greater effect to the whole scene, on the day on which Joseph gazed on it with rapturous admiration, not a breath of wind stirred abroad. All was calm as well as clear. The sun shone with a brilliancy not often witnessed in our northern latitudes; and yet not with so much power as to be unpleasant. The temperature was just the happy medium between heat and cold. The stillness of the place, the silence of the scene, were, indeed, occasionally broken, but that was under circumstances which only imparted additional sublimity to the general effect. The screams of the eagle, and the flapping of his wings, as the noble bird quitted his eyrie and gambolled in the air, were the only breaches that were made in the profound

silence which prevailed. The utter solitude of the place also contributed much to the deep, we had almost said overwhelming, impression produced by the surpassing sublimity of the scene. Not only was that solitude unbroken by the sight of human being, but no traces of the presence of man, by means of his workmanship, were visible to the eye. There stood Joseph and his friend, as if dissevered from the human family—as if living in a world of their own. But the scene was one which admits not of description. It was a scene for the poet to feast on—one on which he could look, in his own mind, in after life, with unspeakable pleasure; but which he could never adequately transfer, however glowing and graphic his descriptions, to the minds of others.

On his return to Elgin, Joseph visited the spot at which the witches met with Macbeth. As the incident is not only recorded in every Scottish history, but occupies a prominent place in Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth, it is not

necessary to refer particularly to it. The spot at which the celebrated interview took place, is generally supposed to have been a particular one which is still pointed out on the estate of Brodie, the property of the Laird of Brodie, three or four miles westward of Forres, on the right-hand side of the road to Inverness. Such is undoubtedly the locality which Shakspeare himself had in his eye, when introducing the incident into his tragedy. In this, however, it is now ascertained on the best evidence, that he was mistaken. The poet followed the well-known historian Boethius; and other authors following his authority, the error has been handed down till the present day. The author of this work believes he may take credit to himself for having been the first to detect the prevalent error. Having spent nearly thirty years of his life in that part of the country in which many of the incidents embodied in the tragedy of Macbeth, and this incident in particular, occurred, he feels he is entitled to speak

with more than ordinary confidence on the point.

As the subject is one of great and general interest, it may be right to mention some of the grounds which justify the conviction, that the meeting of Macbeth with the weird sisters did not take place on the estate of Brodie, or on any spot westward of Forres. On referring to the third scene of the first act of the tragedy, it will be observed that, at the time Macbeth met with the witches, he was in company with Banquo and the army, then on their way from Fife to Inverness. It will also be recollected that Banquo is represented as putting the question to Macbeth immediately on meeting with the witches—"How far is't called to Forres?" It necessarily follows, therefore, that the spot referred to could not have been the scene of this memorable interview; for, in that case, the murderer of Duncan must not only have already passed through Forres, but must have been several miles on the other side of it;

and if so, his companion, Banquo, could never have put the above interrogatory.

Where, then, it will be asked, did the celebrated meeting take place? There is every reason to believe that, as it is distinctly stated the meeting occurred on a moor, within a few miles of Forres, that moor is the one in the vicinity of Gateside, about eight miles westward of Elgin; and, consequently, four miles on the east or this side of Forres. Such, at all events, was the route which Macbeth must have taken on his way from Fife to Inverness, through the town of Forres; and, on this hypothesis, and on no other, can we perceive the propriety of Banquo's putting the question—"How far is't called to Forres?"

That the spot on the estate of Brodie usually pointed out as that at which Macbeth met with the witches, could not have been the place, is farther evident from the fact, that there is no "blasted heath" in its immediate vicinity. Nor is there any probability that there could have

been a blasted heath at the period at which the interview took place; for the estate of Brodie has all the appearance, from its situation, soil, and other circumstances, of having been always favourable to vegetation: so that, even supposing it not to have been cultivated at that time—which, from the known antiquity of the family of Brodie in connexion with that locality, is improbable—Nature herself must have given it a verdant aspect.

What favours the opinion, in addition to that which has been already stated, that the interview between Macbeth and the weird sisters took place in the locality we have assigned to it, is the fact, that that locality is still emphatically a “blasted heath.” It is nearly a mile in length, and, in some places, more than half-a-mile in breadth. It is a singularly bare, desolate place, with a range of high hills on the south side, and a large open space of country, now generally cultivated, with the Moray Frith and the hills of Caithness in the distance. Nor is this all.

Not only is the moor itself, at which the meeting in question is assumed to have taken place, still a "blasted heath," but, from its peculiar soil, it must ever remain so. The progress of cultivation can never reach it. It may farther be mentioned, that so desolate and barren is the place, that people have a great dislike to travel through it in dark nights. The road to Forres, and thence to Inverness, lies now, as in Macbeth's time, through this large tract of moor, still covered over with the "heath" so common in the mountainous parts of Scotland. It is just such a place, from its desolate and forbidding aspect, as supernatural beings would single out for an interview with mortal intelligences.

Since on this subject, it is worthy of observation, that no distinctive character seems to be ascribed by the great majority of Shakspeare's readers, to the three weird sisters, or witches, whom Macbeth met on his way to Forres. They had, however, peculiar offices assigned to them.

“ They were,” says Pennant, the tourist, “ the Fates, the Valkyræ of the northern nations, Gunna, Rota, and Skulda, the handmaids of Odin, the arctic Mars, and styled the Chusers of the Slain ; it being their office, in battle, to mark those devoted to death.” It would appear from several ancient authorities that, besides singling out those who were to be slain in battle, it was the special office of these three witches to conduct the spirits of the departed to “ Valhalla, the paradise of the brave, the hall of Odin.” Shakespeare seems to have been aware of the offices assigned to his witches. Hence the lines :—

“ We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare ;
Spite of danger he shall live,
Weave the crimson web of war.”

Though these witches are described by Shakespeare as having been, when his hero met them, “ withered and wild in their attire,” it would appear, from several historians, that “ they frequently presented themselves as very beautiful in their appearance, covered with the

feathers of swans, and armed with spear and helmet."

Assuming—which there is every reason to do—that the above hypothesis regarding the place at which Macbeth and the three weird sisters met together, is correct, there is something remarkably strange in the fact, that it was in the immediate neighbourhood of the same spot, that Macbeth afterwards murdered King Duncan. Until the discovery of the actual locality of the murder of Duncan, was made by Sir Walter Scott, three or four years before his death, it was taken for granted that the crime had been perpetrated in Duncan's own castle at Inverness. Sir Walter, however, makes it clear, that the murder was committed at a place called "Bothgowan, or, the Smith's House, near Elgin." This place, though now under a different name, is known to have been situated on the farm of Cloves, lately occupied by Mr. Brander, and is somewhat more than a mile from the spot at which Macbeth met with the

three witches; so that he committed the deed which raised him to the throne of Scotland—in other words, fulfilled the prediction of the weird sisters, of being “king hereafter,” in the immediate neighbourhood of the place at which they uttered it—at a time when its accomplishment seemed, in the highest degree, improbable.

CHAPTER III.

Joseph goes to a penny wedding—Penny weddings in the Highlands of Scotland—General remarks.

JOSEPH, though having, in his earlier years, often heard of penny weddings in the mountainous districts of Morayshire, had never been present at one. And, as he knew they were generally productive of amusing scenes, he resolved on going to the first that should take place. The sought-for opportunity was soon afforded; and he, accordingly, accompanied by a college friend, proceeded to the place, about ten miles south-west of Elgin, at which it was appointed to be held.

It may be right to mention, for the information of English readers, that penny weddings

used to be quite common in the Highland districts of the north of Scotland, though latterly they have been gradually becoming less frequent. They are called penny weddings, in contradistinction to other weddings, because the parties present *pay* for the pleasures of the evening. The bride and bridegroom personally invite their own respective acquaintances to the wedding several days before the time appointed for the performance of the marriage ceremony; but any other person who wishes it, and is willing to pay the stipulated sum, is always a welcome guest. That sum is usually regulated by the current price of whisky—whisky being the only spirits drunk on the occasion—and varies from three shillings and sixpence to seven shillings for each person. On some occasions as many as 300 persons have been present at one of these penny weddings; and the profits to the bride and bridegroom, after paying all expenses, have in some cases amounted to from twenty to thirty pounds.

With the profits of their wedding, the author has known several instances in which the “newly-married couple,” as the newspaper advertisements say, have made a beginning in the world, and afterwards become opulent persons.

It may be known to many of our readers, that in Scotland all marriages take place at the house of the parents of the bride, or of those relations with whom she may chance at the time to be staying. If in the humbler ranks of life, and she has been a faithful and obliging servant, it is quite common for the bride to be married in the house of her mistress. In any case, a marriage in a church or chapel is never heard of in Scotland. In the case of penny weddings, the marriage ceremony, so far as the clergyman is concerned, is performed at the house of the bride’s parents, if she have any; and if not, at the house of some relative or friend. But the festive part of the occasion is reserved until she is brought home to the house

of her husband. Marriages in Scotland usually take place about five in the afternoon; and, when the wedding is to be a penny one, only a few persons, and these, for the most part, near relations, are present at the clerical part of the ceremony. The party afterwards sit down to tea, which is followed by a glass of genuine whisky, and a few biscuits. If the bridegroom's house be not far off, the newly-married pair, with their friends, at once adjourn to it, where the evening is spent in feasting and hilarity. But in rural districts—and in these only are penny weddings heard of—the bride, in the great majority of cases, either resides, or is in service, at a distance of some miles. In these cases, the common practice is, to be married at her locality on a Tuesday, and to bring her home to the bridegroom's house on the following Thursday—the guests being all invited to the latter place.

The English reader, or even those Scotch readers residing in populous towns, can have no

idea of the sensation created in a particular district, for six or seven miles around, when it becomes known that a wedding is in contemplation. The bride and bridegroom are in everybody's mouth. For weeks before the event comes off, nothing else is talked of in the whole country side. Every little incident in the history of either party is raked up from oblivion, and discussed and commented on with a freedom and boldness which would satisfy the most devoted friend to liberty of speech.

The interest in the coming marriage continues to grow as the period at which it is appointed to take place approaches. Formerly the custom used to be—a custom then required by law—that the banns should be published, or, as they say in Scotland, the parties be “cried,” two Sundays before the ceremony took place. After the parties had been thus asked in church, neither of them ventured out oftener than necessity required, because of the badinage to which they were sure to be subjected by

all the unmarried portion of the community. In the part of Scotland where penny weddings were wont to be most frequent, there used to be a superstitious belief that, if an unmarried person only rubbed shoulders with either a bride or bridegroom—which the parties are considered to be from the time of their being asked or “cried” in church—the individual fortunate enough to get sufficiently near for the gentle collision, was sure to be married soon afterwards. Hence all the young women in the place literally persecuted the bride, in their anxiety to rub shoulders with her. This was a source of annoyance, and still is, in some cases, to a “published” bride. Then there is that feeling of modesty which prevails to so great an extent among young women in the rural districts of Scotland, when allusion is made to their approaching nuptials—a feeling which almost makes them blush to be seen by their former acquaintances. The extent to which this feeling is carried in the north of Scotland, would

appear incredible to the English reader. Thus, between one circumstance or other, the period which intervenes between the first announcement in the church of an intended marriage, and the period at which it takes place, is, to the bride, one of a very trying nature, apart from all private considerations connected with the new relationship into which she is about to enter.

Earnestly does she pant for the arrival of her wedding-day, in order that her embarrassing situation may approach its end. It comes in due course, though she deems the interval from the first publication of the banns until the wedding is over, a little age. To both bride and bridegroom the wedding-day is, in more senses than one, an important day. Most arduous are the duties of both; but those of the bride are peculiarly so. She is expected to talk perpetually to all around her, during the eating and drinking part of the business. Great things are expected from her in the way of

pressing her friends to partake of the good cheer provided for the occasion. And then, when the dancing begins, which it does about seven or eight in the evening, she is expected to dance with everybody who chooses to ask her. On the floor she must toil away, though scarcely able perhaps to move a limb. But by far the most singular duty of the bride at a penny wedding is, that of advancing to all the male persons present, and kissing them in succession. Where this has to be done in 150 or 160 cases, without so much as a moment's breathing time between the salutes, it will readily be believed that the bride has a rather arduous task to perform. The accuracy of this statement may be questioned by those unacquainted with the usages which prevail in some of the more remote parts of Scotland. It is, nevertheless, strictly true. For its truth the writer, indeed, pledges himself; as he speaks on the point from what he has witnessed with his own eyes.

As no ordinary-sized house would contain the half of the guests who are present at a penny wedding, they usually sit down to dinner in the largest barn, or other outhouse, in the neighbourhood. Tables or chairs in sufficient numbers are out of the question; but an apology for tables is made by means of a certain number of deals of timber, adjusted as they best may; and forms are found to answer for chairs. With regard, again, to knives and forks, as these are articles rarely used in those localities where penny weddings are most frequent, every guest is expected to take his own knife and fork with him; if not, there is no alternative for him but to use his fingers. And when a guest, unprovided with knife and fork, is reduced to this necessity, you generally see him trying to keep himself in countenance, and to silence those who, being themselves better provided, may betray a disposition to be witty at his expense, by saying—"Ah, never mind! Fingers were made before knives and forks." The

position is one of undoubted orthodoxy ; no one ventures to dispute it, because nobody can.

Candlesticks and snuffers are equally scarce commodities at these penny weddings. For the former, as we had once occasion to remark in a previous work, large turnips, with a hole cut out by a knife, are found to be very passable substitutes ; while the fingers of the nearest guest are expected to be available for the work which, in our more refined regions, is usually assigned to a pair of snuffers.

Dinner over, dancing begins ; and at penny weddings people *do* dance. You see none of those insipid, formal, sleepy movements which are called dancing at Almack's, and other less exalted places in this country. There they dance with a spirit and energy which show that they are in earnest. They cheer each other on by cries peculiar to the rural districts of Scotland, and of which, as all depends on the singular manner in which they are uttered, no idea can be given by description. And with these

indescribable vocal sounds, are mingled the loud snapping of fingers, the clapping of hands, and the beating of feet. And then to see the countenances of those who are the occupants of the floor! There is a language in their looks which cannot be mistaken. They have for the moment unreservedly resigned themselves to the pleasures of the occasion; and their enjoyment is as visible in their countenances as the sun is in the firmament. As the evening advances, the company, aided by the inspirations of copious draughts of "mountain dew," increase in the vivacity of their spirits, and in the energy with which they perform the physical evolutions characteristic of Scottish dancing. The four or five fiddlers stuck up in some corner of the place, and made more musical by the agency of whisky, participate in the merriment of those whose feet are responding to their soul-inspiring strains. By and by the hilarity becomes so uncontrollable, and withal so general, that all regard for regularity, either in the music of the

fiddlers, or the movements of the dancers, vanishes entirely. The Apollos continue to produce sounds, but they have ceased to discourse music. The parties occupying the floor continue to move about, but they no longer dance. All is now confusion : the place has the appearance of a mob without any definite object in view. The sound of the violin has died away ; the fiddlers are asleep. The more orderly of the company begin to take their departure for their respective homes : others follow without knowing why. It is now three or four, or it may be five in the morning ; and the only remains of the late company are a young man who has sprained his ankle in the dance, lying in a corner, until a friend brings a horse, from a house at some distance, to take him home ; and a fiddler in the opposite corner, who, having resolutely declined to be awakened by either the shaking or pricking of friends, has been left to sleep away to his heart's content. Judging from the desperate energy with which he is snoring,

and the rapidity with which the nasal sounds succeed each other, you are justified in concluding that there is no prospect of an immediate termination to his slumbers.

If the weather be fine, the guests at penny weddings usually adjourn, when they become a little excited, from the barn or other outhouse in which the dancing commenced, to the open air. There, on the green sward, with no other covering than the sky, do they “trip the light fantastic toe” until the moon and stars have shrunk into invisibility before the splendours of the rising sun. The penny wedding at which Joseph was present, afforded an instance of this. It was on a fine summer’s eve that he proceeded to the spot at which the wedding was to take place; and as beautiful a summer’s morn as ever dawned on our meridian, succeeded that beautiful eve. The dancing on the occasion, was kept up till a later hour than had ever been known. Probably the reason was that, having taken the green sward and the open air

earlier than usual, and there being consequently fewer facilities for quaffing potations of whisky, the guests were better able to protract the merriment on the occasion. But whatever may have been the cause, the dancing was continued until half-past five in the morning—the lovely warblings of the lark mingling with, and almost drowning, the faint and feeble sounds sent forth by the exhausted fiddlers.

It ought to be mentioned, that a penny wedding requires the most active preparations for it, during the previous eight days. Nor do the duties of the occasion cease with the wedding-day—which, as before stated, is almost invariably on a Thursday. On the two following days the happy pair are expected to keep open house for such of their friends as may be pleased to call upon them. The fragments that remained after the marriage-feast, constitute excellent materials for treating the friends who honour the married couple with a call. Then comes Sunday, and with it the churching—

which is a very different matter in the rural districts of Scotland, from what it is in England. As in thinly peopled districts, all persons are known to each other, the circumstance, especially in the case of the bride, of being exposed for nearly two hours to the gaze of every one in the church, just as if the married couple were a pair of wild beasts—is one of a very trying kind. Perhaps it is to her the most trying ordeal she has to go through in connexion with her marriage. What, however, cheers her up during the emergency, is the consideration that it is the last incident of the scene; and that after it is over, she will settle quietly down in her new relation of a married woman.

Penny weddings are looked forward to with the deepest interest by all the unmarried young women in the district. They are usually productive of attachments which terminate in marriage. At these weddings “the lasses” appear to the best advantage. For weeks before the wedding-day, all is bustle in preparing their

dresses for the occasion ; and, when the day arrives, they not only put on their best apparel, but also their best looks. They regard a penny wedding as one of the most favourable opportunities which can occur of making conquests. Hence—and surely no one will be so ungallant as to blame them—they do all they can, by the smartness of their dress and the fascination of their manner, to entangle some of the swains who are present, in the meshes of a love sufficiently ardent to justify the expectation that it will ripen, in due time, into a matrimonial proposal.

It must, however, be mentioned in conclusion, that penny weddings promise, ere long, to become matter of history. They are, as remarked in the commencement of the chapter, rapidly going out of use. Twenty, or even fifteen years ago, nearly all weddings among the humbler classes in certain districts of the north of Scotland, were penny weddings. Now it may be doubted whether there be one penny

wedding for twenty weddings of the ordinary kind—weddings at which only a few friends are present, and where no payment is received from the guests.

CHAPTER IV.

Pluscarden Abbey — Its antiquity and situation — Curious
traditionary legend connected with it.

REFERENCE has been made, in a previous chapter, to the Abbey of Pluscarden, as being one of the most magnificent ruins in Scotland. The remains of this once noble building are six miles westward of Elgin, in one of the loveliest valleys in the land. Joseph visited the abbey repeatedly during his stay in his native county. It was built in the early part of the thirteenth century. Its situation is remarkable. It lies at the foot of one of the largest ranges of mountains in that part of Scotland. It is completely sheltered from the north winds; the mountain at whose base it is situated, being

many hundred feet in height. About a mile and a half in an opposite direction, is another range of high hills, but so gradual in their slope, and so fertile in soil, as to be capable of profitable cultivation. Around the abbey itself are numbers of large trees, many, if not all of them, boasting an antiquity of several centuries. One pear tree, in the spot where the garden of the abbey stood, is ascertained to have been planted by one of the earliest monks who lived in the abbey, and consequently has reached the almost incredible age of six hundred years. In a southern and western direction, there are small forests, some of them of man's plantation, and others of nature's growth, which greatly add to the beauty of the scene. Connected with the place, there are many interesting legends; and it is for the purpose of briefly relating one of these, in which there is much of the air of romance, that we have been led to refer to the venerable building. When Joseph first heard it, it struck him as a legend, out of

which a skilful novelist could easily manufacture his three volumes. The outline may be given in eight or ten pages, under the heading of "Edmund and Anna."

EDMUND and ANNA, the one the eldest son, and the other the eldest daughter of two of the most influential men in the north of Scotland, were among the most devoted lovers the world ever witnessed. Anna possessed every quality, mental and personal, calculated to win the affections of our sex. But, independently of Anna's personal fascinations, there were adventitious circumstances which must, of themselves, have produced in the breast of Edmund a peculiar attachment to her. Five suitors had importunately solicited her hand in marriage during the time he was paying his addresses to her; and among these was Melvyn, a neighbouring nobleman, high in the esteem of his sovereign, Alexander the Second, of Scotland. But Edmund, though inferior in station to

Melvyn, and each of his other four rivals, was unhesitatingly preferred to them all. No less fervent was the affection with which he regarded Anna. His entire existence was bound up in hers, and the world and life itself, when weighed in the balance with her, were indeed found to be wanting.

The nuptial morn of the youthful lovers was one of the most delightful which ever burst on the world. It was in the month of May. The ground was beautifully carpeted with new-born grass. The garden, the orchard, the hedge, the plantation, the forest—all smiled in their new attire. The sun poured forth his beams with more than wonted profusion, tinging all creation with an exquisite radiance; while innumerable choristers of every species of the feathered tribe, imparted, by the melody of their warblings, additional charms to that bright morn. Nature herself, in fine, seemed, on this occasion, to be jubilant at the approaching nuptials of a pair who were so pre-eminently

worthy of each other's warmest and most sincere affections.

The vassals of Emerson, Anna's father, exulted without measure at the circumstance of their chieftain's only daughter being about to be united to the youth of her choice; and as all were that evening to participate in the ample festivities of the baronial hall, they attired themselves in the best costume of their clan, and prepared to celebrate the joyous event with all becoming respect for their chieftain, and the young bride and bridegroom.

The afternoon arrived, and, at the hour of five, the beautiful bride approached the hymeneal altar, accompanied by her bridesmaids and the wives and daughters of the more respectable of her father's vassals. Edmund was present at the appointed hour, luxuriating in waking dreams of the matchless bliss which was about to be secured to him. The venerable Abbot of Pluscarden, a man who was verging on seventy years of age, and whose

countenance eloquently discoursed of his unaffected piety, stationed himself beside the interesting couple, and, before proceeding to go through the matrimonial ceremony, he uttered, with a mingled air of mildness and solemnity, the usual behest—"Join hands." The lovers extended their respective hands to each other. Anna's was white as the unsunned snow, while her beautiful countenance was suffused with a deep blush, indicative of modesty—a blush which, if possible, imparted new fascinations to her unrivalled face. The reverend abbot now commenced the marriage ritual. With uplifted hands, and a countenance beaming with benignity, he was addressing his orisons to the Supreme Being, imploring his special benediction on the youthful pair now kneeling at the altar, when an arrow from some invisible bow infixes itself in his heart. That instant he dropped on the floor at the feet of those who surrounded him. All present were horror-struck at the strange circumstance, and

gazed on each other in mute amazement—simultaneously listening, at the same time, as if by instinct, in the hope that they should hear such sounds in some part of the building as would lead them to the discovery of the assassin ; but the first thing that broke the death-like silence that prevailed, was the expiring groan of the aged abbot. The bride fainted at the appalling scene ; and, while the bridegroom was in the act of raising her up, Melvyn, attended by a host of his myrmidons, suddenly appeared at the portals of the place, their flaming eyes speaking the deeds of blood on which they were intent. “ See to the protection of Anna ! ” cried Edmund ; and he clenched his dagger in his hand. He burned to revenge himself on his deadly foe ; but he could not so far master his feelings of affection for his bride, as to quit her to engage in conflict with Melvyn. Apprised of the presence of the unhallowed intruders, the clansmen of Emerson rushed to the aid of their chieftain, his daughter, and her bridegroom.

The hall was now crowded with foemen, ranged under two great divisions; each vassal willing and prepared to shed the last drop of his blood in the quarrel of his respective chieftain. The conflict commenced with the utmost fierceness on either side. The clashing of the instruments of death might have been heard far and wide, till at length, overpowered by superior numbers, the clansmen of Emerson were almost all strewed on the floor, either already in the embraces of death, or momentarily expecting to be so, from the number and severity of their wounds. Edmund and Emerson defended Anna with more than mortal bravery; but Melvyn and their leading vassals at last surrounded them, wrenched their daggers from them, and consequently rendered Anna's farther protection beyond the compass of human courage and power.

“ Spare the two miscreants,” referring to Emerson and Edmund; “ spare the two miscreants, that mortification may be their portion,”

cried Melvyn, addressing himself to his surviving clansmen, as he seized the affrighted Anna in his arms, and hurried with her to the door. A steed was there in waiting, which he mounted, and, placing Anna before him, he galloped off with his prize to his own castle, only seven miles distant, followed by his vassals. "Thou art now in safe custody, young lady," said he to Anna, as one of his servants shut the ponderous iron gate which fronted his walled castle.

On reaching his mansion, Melvyn led Anna into the most splendid apartment in it; and, having placed before her the most delicious refreshments the house could afford, he pressed her to partake of them. She refused. "Is not thy foolish obstinacy yet overcome, lady?" said he to Anna, in a half-sneering tone. "Whether, think you," continued the haughty chieftain, "are a dungeon and chains, or being made the lady of Melvyn Castle, more to be preferred?"

Anna was silent; she uttered not a word.

“Nay, young maid, hast not thou the use of that member so characteristic of thy sex?” said Melvyn, sarcastically.

Anna, who had but partially recovered from her swoon, when wrested from the arms of Edmund, and who had taken it for granted that both he and her father had been the victims of Melvyn’s fury, implored the chieftain, in accents which were repeatedly interrupted by the irrepressible grief which swelled her gentle bosom, and which vented itself in an ocean of tears, to terminate her life that instant, as an act of tender mercy.

“A few hours of a solitary dungeon will, perhaps, bring thee to thy senses, and cure thee of thy regards for Edmund; if not, I shall then wed thee per force,” said Melvyn; and, so saying, he dragged the agonized Anna to a gloomy cell, in which he was wont to incarcerate the persons of such of his vassals as had incurred his displeasure.

The enraged chieftain then despatched a

special messenger for a priest to unite himself and Anna in marriage; but the priest being some distance from home, several hours elapsed before his services could be obtained.

Emerson and Edmund, who, though worsted in the conflict between them and Melvyn's party, had been permitted to enjoy their liberty unmolested after the latter had decamped with Anna, began to muse on the calamity which had befallen them; and to think whether or not it was within the range of possibility to do anything for the recovery of the person of the bride.

Edmund was intimately acquainted with Melvyn's castle and its vicinity; and knew that, after sunset, there was one part of its walls defended only by one person, which he thought it might be, perhaps, practicable to scale; and if they could succeed in this, and slay the sentinel, they might, undiscovered, enter the castle itself, and yet rescue Anna from the grasp of the haughty chieftain.

The project wore a sufficiently desperate aspect; but Edmund, ay, and Emerson too, though comparatively advanced in years, were both in that reckless state of mind which fitted them to undertake any enterprise within the confines of practicability.

Calling to their assistance, and acquainting them with their project, the most spirited of those of Emerson's vassals who had survived the recent conflict, the bridegroom and the bride's father, accordingly, armed themselves at every point; and hastened to the neighbourhood of Melvyn's walled castle.

The sun had buried himself below the western horizon two hours before they left Emerson's hall on their adventurous purpose. The night was exceedingly dark; hours had to elapse before the moon would show her visage; and not one of the countless lesser luminaries which at other times bestud, and sparkle in, the firmament, was visible to the eye. All were enshrouded from mortal gaze by one apparently

vast cloud. Emerson, Edmund, and their party, amounting in all to twelve, arrived at the part of the wall they were to attempt to scale; and one of the tallest and stoutest of their number placed himself in the position best adapted for enabling the others to avail themselves of the assistance of his shoulders in endeavouring to scale it. Edmund, with sword in hand, was the first to make the attempt, and, on reaching the summit, was astonished to find there was no sentinel there. Impressed with the idea, from the various voices he heard on the outside, and not being able, from the pitchy darkness of the night, to correct his error, that there were a vast number of regularly-organized besiegers, the sentinel, instead of remaining at his post, had returned to the castle for the purpose of giving the alarm. Ten of the eleven that remained, instantly followed Edmund; but the other, not having any one to assist him to scale the wall, was obliged to remain outside. Edmund's party were at the castle almost contemporaneously

with the sentinel; and at the most important part of it before him. The brilliant illumination visible in one of the most spacious apartments, led them immediately to it. Edmund unceremoniously burst open the door, rushed in, and was followed by Emerson and the rest of the party. There was exhibited to their astonished gaze, the spectacle of Anna in her bridal robes, pouring forth the agonies of her heart in rapidly succeeding sobs and tears, and being supported by one of Melvyn's sisters. The lord of the castle grasped her snow-white hand in his. Around were a numerous party, and the priest, who had arrived but a few minutes before, had just pronounced the first sentence of the matrimonial service. "Villain!" exclaimed Edmund, with his eyes directed to Melvyn, and flashing with boundless indignation. And, as he uttered the epithet, he rushed toward his hated foe, and, ere the latter had time to use a weapon in his own defence, Edmund sheathed his sword in his bosom. Melvyn fell

prostrate on the floor; but such was the deadly animosity he bore towards Edmund, that, though he only survived two minutes thereafter, he partially rose up, seized his dagger, and aimed it at the breast of Anna—exclaiming at the same time, under the impression that the thrust was successful, “Nor shalt thou, scoundrel, enjoy her either;” but Edmund had already seized her in his arms, and the thrust which was made at her, proved mortal to Melvyn’s own brother, who, in the confusion of the moment, occupied the place on which Anna had stood but an instant before.

Entering the castle of Melvyn thus unexpectedly, and finding its inmates anticipating scenes of festivity rather than of mortal conflict, Edmund and his party found no difficulty—not even resistance—in carrying off Anna in triumph. The massy iron gate was speedily demolished, and in three hours afterwards they reached home. On the following day they proceeded to the hymeneal altar, where the nuptial

knot was tied. The bride and bridegroom returned to the house of the latter, and spent the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

CHAPTER V.

Joseph visits a friend in Alves—Sacramental services in the parish church—Moderatism and evangelism in Scotland contrasted.

AMONG the friends of his mother whom Joseph visited during his temporary sojourn in his native county, there was one in the parish of Alves, a place five or six miles westward of Elgin. Joseph went to his friend's house on Wednesday, and continued his visit till the following Monday. It chanced to be the sacramental occasion, which takes place in country parishes once a-year; and the day after his arrival was observed, according to the prescribed rules of the Presbyterian Establishment, as a fast or preparation day. The pulpit of Alves being at that time the only one in the presbytery of

Elgin, in which the Gospel was faithfully preached, the state of religion in that parish presented a remarkable contrast to what it did in the other seven or eight parishes constituting the presbytery. Evangelical himself, and in earnest about the momentous matters of eternity, the minister of Alves invariably took care to invite those clergymen only to assist him at the dispensation of the sacrament, who shared his views, and were equally zealous for the spiritual well-being of those committed to their care. Hence the truly pious belonging to all the surrounding parishes, always looked forward to the yearly return of the administration of the Lord's Supper at Alves, as to a high religious festival. Multitudes came to be present on the solemn occasion, from a distance of fifteen, twenty, and even, in some cases, thirty miles. Some there were (those who could conveniently leave their homes) who came on the Thursday morning, that they might be present at the preparatory services of that day—at the prayer-

meetings held in the evenings in the houses of the elders and other pious individuals—and at the immediately preceding services of the sanctuary held on the Saturday. But, as comparatively few could leave home for so long a period, the great body of strangers from a distance arrived about nine or ten o'clock on the Sabbath morning—the solemn services of that day commencing at the latter hour. And beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful to the spiritual-minded man, and picturesque in no ordinary degree, even to the unrenewed man, was the sight of the multitudes that poured in from all quarters to be present on the occasion. From eight to ten o'clock, there was no part of the surrounding country which the eye could reach, in which were not to be seen numerous groups of threes, fours, fives, or more, all directing their anxious steps to the parish church of Alves—at that time, as far as the Establishment was concerned, emphatically the house of God. As the period fixed for the administration of the

sacrament, always was in the summer season—the month of July, if we remember rightly—the pious peasants, who came a great distance, were often to be seen, oppressed with the heat and wearied with the length of the way, walking barefooted, and carrying their shoes and stockings in their hand. And, as they walked, they conversed together about spiritual things. They spoke of their religious experience—related to each other the impression which particular sermons had made on their minds on particular occasions—what passages in the holy oracles had principally occupied their thoughts of late—what uninspired, but pious authors, they liked best—and to which of the works of those authors they were most partial, and most frequently read. Among the books which almost all had in their keeping, or, which is nearly the same thing, the substance of which was deeply engrained in their memories, there were “Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress,” “Baxter’s Saint’s Rest,” “Boston’s Fourfold State,” the sermons

of the Messrs. Erskine (Ralph and Ebenezer), and “Willison’s Afflicted Man’s Companion.” Clear and correct are the views which the Scottish peasantry have of divine truth. Many a simple pious peasant, unacquainted with human learning, has he who pens these lines known in his native land—at whose feet he would far sooner sit for instruction in divine truth, than at the feet of the most learned and most distinguished divine of the day. Need it, then, be added, how deeply interesting to the renewed mind it must have been, to listen to the conversation of these godly people, as they proceeded on their way to worship their Maker amid the solemnities peculiar to a sacramental occasion. No one could have seen them coming from all quarters to the parish church of Alves, without being forcibly reminded of the description given in the Old Testament, of the children of Israel making their yearly pilgrimages from all parts of Judea to Jerusalem, there to worship Jehovah in the temple.

On the sacramental occasion at Alves, at the period to which we refer, the number of strangers was so great that the church could not contain, capacious as it was, one-half the congregation. Though the church was crowded to suffocation, there was an immense concourse of persons in the adjoining churchyard; and for them, also, the then clergyman of the parish—a namesake of the writer of these volumes—provided divine worship. So that, contemporaneously with his own impressive preaching within the walls of the church, there were the ministrations of some zealous and gifted clergyman in the adjacent churchyard. The occasion was inexpressibly interesting—the scene was inconceivably solemn. As distinctly does the writer remember, as if it had been but an event of yesterday, listening in the churchyard of Alves, twenty years ago, to the searching sermon of the minister who had come from a distance to assist his reverend namesake. The day was oppressively hot: the perspiration ran in copious streams

down the face equally of preacher and hearer. And yet the immense concourse who formed the open-air audience of the minister, sat as patiently beneath the scorching rays of the sun for two hours—nearly an hour and a half being occupied with the sermon alone—as if they had been luxuriating in the Arcadian groves pictured forth in the imaginations of the poets of antiquity. And what, does the English reader suppose, were the seats on which those of the assembled multitude who sat at all, reclined? They were chiefly of nature's workmanship. Some scores there might have been who sat on the grave-stones in the immediate vicinity of the preacher; but the great majority of those who sat at all had no other seat than the green grass beneath their feet—more green because springing out of ground appropriated to the reception of the dead. Hundreds, in order that they might be as near to the minister as possible, did not sit at all, but stood beneath the burning beams of the sun during the two hours

the services lasted. The scene altogether recalled to my mind the days of the Covenanters—a class of persons with whose history and habits I was at that time more familiar than I now am. Regarding them then as I still do, as being with, perhaps, the solitary exception of the Waldenses and the Albigenses, the noblest army of witnesses and martyrs for the truth the world ever beheld, the occasion was to my mind one never to be forgotten. Still I can imagine I gaze on the scene. The vast assemblage, with the minister in their midst, are at this moment vividly present to my mind. I fancy I see the solemn aspect of the preacher, and witness the no less solemn demeanour of the hearers. He was earnest—they were attentive. Impressive, in the highest degree, was the minister's manner; serious, in the highest degree, did his hearers all appear. Searching—most searching—was the sermon delivered on the occasion. Awfully profound indeed must have been the sleep of that conscience which was not roused

by it. Forcible were the preacher's appeals to the unconverted; encouraging and consoling were his addresses to those who had experienced the power of regenerating grace. An appropriate and impressive prayer followed, as it had preceded, the delivery of the sermon; and the worship of God was closed, as it had commenced, with a suitable song of praise. In that song of praise every one present engaged. We do not believe there was even a solitary exception. The large concourse, met together for the worship of their Maker, united with one voice—as we doubt not they cordially did with one heart—in their ascriptions of glory to his name. Unconfined by the walls, and unobstructed by the ceiling of a house made with hands, the sound of their melody ascended, if we may be pardoned the idea, direct to those heavens which are in a special sense the habitation of the throne of Him whom they worshipped and adored.

In the church itself, the moment was now at

hand when the first of the series of "tables" was to be "served." It may be proper here to mention, for the information of English readers, that, in the Presbyterian Establishment, instead of all the members sitting down at once, as they do here, to the communion-table, only about a fourth and fifth part of their number sit down at a time. Hence there are four or five separate communion services. The reasons of this are, first, that there is not accommodation in the area of the Scotch places of worship for all the members of a particular church sitting down at once; and, secondly, that there are always not only large accessions of strangers from the surrounding country in the capacity of hearers and spectators, but of communicants also. The result is, that on most sacramental occasions in the Scottish Church, where the clergyman is evangelical, the services are protracted from ten till half-past two. In Alves, at the period referred to, where the faithfulness of the minister and his assistants, led to a lengthened address at

each successive distribution of the sacramental elements, the services were protracted till nearly four o'clock. After the brief interval of an hour and a half, they were again resumed, when the solemn work in which the communicants had been engaged, and the solemn scenes of which non-communicants had been spectators, were made the special subject of another sermon. The latter service—the sermon being, as on all other occasions in the Presbyterian Church, prefaced and accompanied by praise and prayer—occupied about two hours; so that, with the intermission of an hour, or an hour and a half, the services of a sacramental Sabbath in the parish church of Alves, at the period to which our own observations point, lasted from ten in the morning till nearly eight in the evening. And in hundreds of other parish churches in Scotland, where evangelical truth is preached, the services are still as protracted, or nearly so, on sacramental occasions. On the Monday, other two sermons, called thanksgiving sermons, are

preached by the clergymen who have been assisting the minister of the parish; and with these, conclude a series of the most solemn religious services of which the human mind can form any conception. In England—whether we speak of the Establishment or of Dissenting places of worship—no idea can be formed, from the way in which the sacrament of the supper is administered among us, of the solemnity of feeling with which a sacramental occasion is regarded among the evangelical portion of the Scottish people. For at least three weeks before the advent of the sacramental Sabbath, the ministrations of the preacher have a special reference to the coming occasion. And prayer-meetings in the houses of pious persons, instead of being held once a-week, are, as the day approaches, held every night. It is the same for a week, at least, after the Sabbath has passed. A deeper tone of piety is perceptible in the conversation and conduct of the parishioners for a few weeks previously and subsequently to the

sacramental Sunday ; while on the day itself, you would almost imagine that the parishioners had ceased to belong to the world at all. The entire day—those portions of it which are necessarily spent at home, as well as those which are spent in the sanctuary—is exclusively set apart for devotional exercises. Individual self-examination and prayer, and family worship, including praise as well as prayer, occupy the morning until breakfast-time. That over, which it usually is by nine o'clock, the inmates of every house, with the strangers who may be temporarily residing with them, prepare for proceeding to the sanctuary. When the public services of the day are ended, the parishioners return to their respective homes, where, in individual retirement and around the family altar, they spend the remainder of the evening, in pouring out their hearts in prayer and thanksgivings to God. Scarcely a word of worldly conversation is heard to escape their lips. No loungers are to be seen in the fields. It is, in a

sense of which none but those who have spent a sacramental Sabbath in the parish of a pious minister, can form the slightest idea, a solemn season ; reminding one of the solemn seasons of which we read in the records of Old Testament inspiration.

How striking the contrast to this state of things is that which is exhibited in the pulpits and parishes in which the evil genius of Moderatism has found a lodgment. Moderatism, it is right to mention, for the information of those who may be unacquainted with the import of the term—Moderatism signifies those principles and that mode of preaching, which studiously exclude all that is vital in the Gospel scheme, and substitute, for evangelical truth, a cold, heartless system of morality. Moderatism deals only with men's heads ; it makes no appeal to their hearts. It takes no cognizance of the inward man ; it, indeed, denies, practically at least, that there is an inward man. It addresses itself solely to the denunciation and

correction of the grosser immoralities of one's life. He who is honest and harmless in his intercourse with his fellow-men is, in the eye of Moderatism, a saint of the first magnitude. The religion of the heart is, in the vocabulary of Moderatism, synonymous with fanaticism in its worst forms. If a man talk of his religious experience, he is giving utterance to the language of cant. If a Moderate allude at all to the atonement, or to any of the other distinctive doctrines of the Gospel, the allusion is either so vague as not to be understood, or is made in so cold and lifeless a manner as to make no impression on the minds of those to whom it is addressed. Go into a Moderate church in Scotland, and you may sit out the sermon in doubt as to whether the minister is even theoretically acquainted with the Christian scheme. You hear nothing but a cheerless morality falling from his lips, delivered in a cold, monotonous, unimpassioned tone. You see that his heart is not in his work; that he

preaches only because he is paid for it. He is inculcating precisely such moral truths as are to be found in the works of Plato, Socrates, and other ancient philosophers. And yet he is not delivering those truths, though he dignifies them (what an awful prostitution of language!) with the name of a Gospel sermon, with a tithe of the earnestness or animation which either of the heathen philosophers we have named, would have shown in the inculcation of the same propositions. Hence, anything more heartless than the sermons and services which are heard and witnessed in a Moderate place of worship, cannot be conceived. There sit the listless hearers; for indifference on the part of a preacher invariably communicates itself to his audience. It is a contagious disease. It cannot enter the pulpit without infecting the congregation. A more painful moral picture is not to be seen, than that of a people sitting under the ministrations of a Moderate preacher. All is dark and desolate—cold and cheerless. You feel that you are

living in a moral frigid zone. If you have any sense of spiritual things, every word of the preacher falls on your ear with a chilling and withering effect. Terrible have been the fruits of Moderatism in many districts of Scotland. Instances have been known in which, in entire parishes, it would have been difficult to find half-a-dozen really pious and spiritually-minded individuals. There was, to be sure, the external appearance of attention to religious duties; but it was appearance only. The worship, if worship it might be called, was purely mechanical. There was no more soul or spirit in it than if the parties had been so many figures of wax or of wood.

Such is that Moderatism which, for several generations, has been, spiritually speaking, the curse of Scotland. It may be compared to a great moral upas tree, poisoning and destroying everything within its reach. It was the natural effect of that system of patronage introduced in the reign of Queen Anne, which enabled grace-

less patrons to put into the pulpits of the parishes under their control, in defiance of the wishes of the people, a body of men calling themselves ministers of the Gospel, but who knew, experimentally, no more of the power of religion, than the cattle which grazed on the surrounding lands. Moderatism is now, happily, in a fair way of being entirely exiled from Scotland. It is vanishing before the progress of evangelical truth; and will, it is to be hoped, ere another generation shall have passed away, cease to exist entirely in any other place than the pages of Scotland's ecclesiastical history.

But we have been committing a slight digression. We were speaking of the contrast exhibited on a sacramental Sabbath in a church of which a Moderate is the minister, to the state of things in a place of worship where the pulpit is filled by a pious evangelical preacher. Where Moderatism prevails, all is mere form. Even the administration of the Lord's Supper, which

is the most solemn ordinance connected with the Christian faith; even that solemn ordinance, when administered by the hands of a Moderate, degenerates—it is painful to write it—into a matter of mere mechanical observance. The preacher speaks in cold, unimpassioned tones, and in the most vague and general language which can be employed, of the circumstances under which the ordinance was instituted. His tone and manner tell, with a terrible plainness, that his heart is not affected by the truths to which his lips are giving utterance. It is because the Church of Scotland appoints the yearly observance of the Last Supper of the Saviour, and not because of its divine appointment, that he celebrates that memorable event at all. In proof of this, it may be remarked, that many Moderate ministers have been known to incur the risk of Church censures and Church punishments, by suffering several years to pass without having one sacramental occasion in their churches. What

could more plainly show, that that which is to every true Christian the most valued and most delightful of all the ordinances of religion, is to Moderatism so irksome as to be all but intolerable? What wonder if the people who are doomed to sit under the ministrations of a Moderate, should not enter into the spirit of the ordinance, nor derive any pleasure or profit from its observance? All who choose, are permitted to sit down at the communion table in a Moderate church. No distinction is made between the really pious and the irreligious; or, rather, all are assumed to be religious. But it is painful to advert to the fearful desecration of the most sacred of all Christian ordinances, which takes place on a sacramental occasion in a Moderate place of worship. No Christian can think of it without shuddering at the thought. Let us, therefore, turn away from the farther contemplation of so awful a theme.

The occasion on which Joseph Jenkins was present in the church of Alves at the celebra-

tion of the Lord's Supper, was not the same as that which we have sought to describe in the earlier part of the chapter; but he witnessed the same scenes, saw the same high-toned devotion on the part of both ministers and people, and heard the same class of divine truths inculcated and enforced. Though not entering into the scenes and services of the occasion with the same feelings as if he had been a spiritually-minded man, he was very much struck with what he saw and heard. There was to him what he called a moral picturesqueness in the scenes he witnessed, which made an enduring impression on his mind. Though brought up in Scotland, and not many miles from the parish of Alves, he had sat under a Moderate ministry; and knew no more what evangelical preaching or evangelical truth meant, than if he had never been in a Christian place of worship at all. Hence it was that, though admiring the moral beauties of what he witnessed, he had no perception whatever of its surpassing spiritual

loveliness. He was a striking illustration of the truth of the scriptural statement, that the spiritual man only can discern spiritual things.

CHAPTER VI.

Joseph quits his native place to return to London—Meets with the “Dr. Hornbook” of Burns, in Glasgow—Their conversation together—Curious and interesting particulars respecting Burns and Dr. Hornbook, which have not before been published.

THE leave of absence which Joseph had obtained was now within ten days of its expiry; and, as he intended to return to London by land, with the view of seeing as much as possible of the country, he resolved on quitting Elgin on the following morning, in order that he might not be obliged to perform the journey too hurriedly. He started at eight o'clock, and reached Aberdeen at four in the afternoon. There he remained that night, and set out next morning at five o'clock for Glasgow, which city he

reached in the evening, at eight o'clock. Curiously enough, he met that night at the house of a friend in which he put up, with an individual who occupies a prominent place in the pages of Burns, and who is, consequently, as fairly booked for immortality as the poet himself. The individual to whom we refer is Dr. Hornbook, the hero of the popular poem, entitled "Death and Dr. Hornbook." Hornbook, as most of the readers of Burns are aware, is a fictitious name. The real name of the individual who is gibbeted in that piece of sarcastic writing, was John Wilson. To his Christian name, indeed, Burns furnishes a clue; for, in one verse, he is called "Jock," which every Scotchman knows is synonymous with John. In the course of the evening Mr. Wilson—who, it may be here remarked, died only a few years ago—referred to the sarcastic poem, at the request of the mutual friend of Joseph and himself, under whose hospitable roof they were. Mr. Wilson, though never alluding in promis-

cuous company, or when in conversation with any stranger, to the fact of his identity with the Dr. Hornbook of Burns, never betrayed a reluctance to refer to it, when in the society of any friend in whom he could repose confidence.

The opportunity of hearing anything new on such a subject, was too good for Joseph to lose. He and Mr. Wilson entered into conversation together, and he found the latter quite unreserved in his revelations on the point—readily and fully answering any questions which were put to him.

Mr. Wilson mentioned the circumstances connected with his history prior to his acquaintance with Burns. These have never been correctly given by those who have published editions of the poet's works, with explanatory notes. Indeed, it may be remarked, that nearly all about to be mentioned, is now published for the first time. Mr. Wilson was bred a weaver, in the west of Scotland, and worked at the business for several years. He was a most indus-

trious young man, rising up early and sitting up late, and emphatically eating the bread of carefulness, in order that he might save as much of his earnings as would enable him to pay for a course of education which would qualify him for becoming a Presbyterian minister—an object which was with him one of eager and unceasing ambition. With that view he did engage in the necessary preparatory studies; but, having become the father of an illegitimate child, all his clerical prospects were blasted. He quitted Glasgow, where he had been studying, and retired to the parish of Tarbolton, in Ayrshire, in which Burns at that time lived. Being a man of superior talents and extensive information, he and Burns soon became very intimate together. The poet, it ought to be mentioned, was at this time preparing the first edition of his works. He was, consequently, altogether unknown to general fame, though the more discerning of those who saw his manuscript productions, discovered and admired the poetic

genius they displayed. None were more hearty in their admiration of the poems of Burns than Mr. Wilson; little imagining at the time that he was destined to be handed down to posterity in them, under the very unenviable circumstances in which he is made to appear.

Mr. Wilson having proceeded so far in his narrative, Joseph inquired whether he knew any cause which could have provoked the splenetic effusion.

"Oh, yes," replied the other; "the cause was this. He and I were both members of a Benefit Society, connected with the locality in which we were living. I was treasurer of the Society. He was always irregular in his periodical payments, and on one particular occasion had fallen so far in arrears as, in terms of the rules and regulations, to be liable to have his name struck off the roll as a member. I at that" ——

"I beg pardon for interrupting you; but *was* his name struck off the roll?" said Joseph.

"No, it was not," returned Mr. Wilson. "I prevented that, by not letting the members generally know the full extent of his shortcomings. Just at this particular time, he called on me one night, and asked the loan of a small sum of money. Knowing his careless habits—for he had already begun to give himself up to drink, though not a confirmed drunkard—I refused, adding, or, rather, assigning as the reason, 'You know, Robert, that you are already deeply in arrears to the Society, and that I am rendering myself liable for some of the payments you ought to have made, by concealing your deficiencies from the other members.' Stung by the refusal to lend him the money, in conjunction with the circumstance of reminding him of his arrears, he went home and wrote the piece in which I am held up to ridicule."

"And was the effusion published immediately on its being written?" asked Joseph.

"Oh, no; and I must do him the justice to

say, notwithstanding the injury he has done me, that I do not believe he ever intended to publish it. He did not mean it to be known beyond the limits of the parish in which we lived. He, in the first instance, only showed it to several persons acquainted with us both. At their request, he allowed them to take copies. It thus got into a very general manuscript circulation in the parish. By and by it got into print, in the form of a handbill. Thence it found its way into the public journals, until it became universally known. As a farther proof that he did not mean it to be published, it was not inserted in the first edition of his poems, which appeared some time after the poem had been written."

"Did it excite a great sensation in the locality in which you both lived?" inquired Joseph.

"It did: it raised a laugh at my expense, as clever ridicule always will at anybody's expense against whom it is levelled. Even those who knew the thing to be wholly unfounded, joined

in the general laugh. The result was, that I could scarcely look a friend in the face. I was obliged to leave that part of the country altogether. I returned with my wife and family—for by this time I was married and had several children—to Glasgow, where I have ever since remained."

"And you think," remarked Joseph, "that your refusal to lend Burns the small sum of money, was the sole cause of his penning the bitter piece."

"I am perfectly certain of it; for, until that time, we had been two of the greatest friends in that part of the country; and it was only a few months before, that I received a silver snuff-box from the Society to which I have referred, as an expression of the sense the members entertained of my services as treasurer, with a very handsome poetical eulogium, written by Burns himself. He had, besides, made me several small presents, some of which are still in my possession."

"Did you ever meet with him after the publication of the piece?"

"I often accidentally met with him; but we never had any intercourse together after he had written the poem."

"Do you think he ever afterwards regretted writing it?"

"I am sure of it; for he repeatedly wrote to me, expressing the greatest concern that ever he had penned such a piece; saying he felt he had injured me, and hoping that, as it was written on the impulse of the moment, and without any view to publication, I would overlook the circumstance, and be again on the same friendly footing with him as before. My answer was, that I did not wish to cherish any unkindly feelings towards him, but that I never could have any intercourse with one who had done me so great an injury."

"Were you," inquired Joseph, "acting as a medical man when Burns wrote the piece?"

"I was not," replied Mr. Wilson, "and

never had been in practice at all. I followed the vocation of a schoolmaster. He begins the poem with these words, 'Some books are lies frae end to end,' and so is all he says about me—with the single exception of the reference he makes to my acquaintance with 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine.' That work had, a short time before, made its appearance; and I, feeling that I understood—as anybody may understand—the greatest part of its contents, merely kept a few of the more common kinds of medicine in my own house, for the benefit of my family. I never visited any patient in the pretended character of a professional man. I never prescribed out of my own house; and was not even in the practice of vending medicines."

Joseph was a good deal surprised at this; for he, in common with his countrymen, thought that the Dr. Hornbook of Burns, must have been in the habit of prescribing for persons who were ill. The friend, of whose hospitality he and Mr. Wilson were partaking, perceiving an

air of incredulity on this point, about Joseph's manner, confirmed the statement of Mr. Wilson, as being the assertion of a fact which consisted with his own personal knowledge.

It may be right here to repeat, so many incorrect accounts having been given of Mr. Wilson's history previously to the publication of "Death and Dr. Hornbook," by the editors of Burns—that the accuracy of this information may be relied on. Not less incorrect have the editors been in reference to the way in which he occupied his time on his return to Glasgow. They generally represent him as having engaged, in that city, in mercantile pursuits, and as having acquired a handsome independency. Neither statement is correct. He obtained an official situation in the parish of Glasgow in which he settled, which he retained until the time of his death. The salary was sufficient to enable him to support his family in respectability, but was not so great as to allow of his saving as much as would make him independent. On one point,

all the editors of Burns are agreed—and on that point they are correct—namely, that Mr. Wilson was a most worthy man at the time that Burns lampooned him, and that he continued to maintain, ever afterwards, an unblemished character. He was held in the highest esteem in the part of Glasgow in which he lived; and received more than one testimonial of respect from his fellow-parishioners. The author of this work is in a condition to add, that not only was he an excellent member of society, but a most exemplary Christian. He was a decidedly pious man; and there can be no doubt, that it was the circumstance of his looking on all the events and incidents of time—all the trials and troubles of life, with the eye of a sincere Christian, that enabled him not only to forgive Burns for the great injury he had done him, but to maintain through life, notwithstanding the mortification he must have experienced, that cheerfulness of manner for which all who were acquainted with him knew that he was remarkable.

No right-minded person can learn these particulars respecting Mr. Wilson, without feeling the deepest pain, that so worthy a man should have had his whole existence embittered by the heartless ridicule heaped upon him by one with whom he had been on terms of the closest intimacy, and to whom, instead of ever having done an injurious act, he had repeatedly performed offices of friendship. The disposition to indulge in satire, is one of the most reprehensible which a man can possess ; and, instead of being encouraged by society, it ought to be denounced and put down. This disposition to expose his acquaintances to the jeers and contempt of the world, was a blemish in the character of Burns, which has never been sufficiently held up to public detestation. No intellectual superiority, no genius, however high may be its order, ought to make that author a favourite, who can gratuitously hold up his unoffending fellow-men to the scorn and ridicule of society. He who pens these remarks would not, for all the fame that

attaches to the name of Burns, have the reflection of having needlessly wounded the feelings of his acquaintances. And many of those acquaintances whom Burns has so mercilessly ridiculed, were far worthier men than himself in all that constitutes moral greatness—which is, after all, the only true greatness of mortal beings. The evil of ridicule, when the poisoned shaft is thrown by the hand of a popular author, does not terminate with the life of him against whom it is directed. So far from being interred with his bones, its effects are felt for generations afterwards. Not more than four weeks have elapsed since the author of these volumes met with one of Mr. Wilson's descendants; and he told him that, though he mentioned to him his relationship to the Dr. Hornbook of Burns, he studiously concealed it from those with whom he usually associated; adding, that he lived in a state of constant terror, lest the relationship should be discovered.

It would afford much gratification to the writer, if the Scotch papers were to transfer to their columns the leading facts he has communicated respecting the early history and subsequent life of Mr. Wilson. It would be doing no more than an act of justice to the memory of a most excellent man; and, it may with truth be added, an act of great kindness, if not, indeed, of humanity, to his surviving relations.

CHAPTER VII.

Joseph is again sent to the country to attend contested elections—Publishes an account of his journey, by way of quizzing modern books of travels.

THE death of George the Fourth, shortly after the general election referred to in a previous chapter, having necessarily led to another dissolution of Parliament, Joseph was again sent to the country to attend some of the contested elections. The district allotted him on this occasion was Hampshire. On his return, he wrote an account, in one of the magazines of the day, of his journey, by way of quiz on the then, as now, common custom of almost every person who leaves his own country for a few weeks, publishing his travels in the land or lands he has visited. The article appeared under

the title of “Modern Travelling; or, Simon Stubbs’ Tour to the Isle of Wight.” As a specimen of a style of writing which Joseph had not before attempted, and as being, at the same time, a continuation of his actual history, we here subjoin it.

THIS is the age of travelling: it is the age of something else; it is the age of writing books of travels. No one now thinks of crossing the water to any part of the Continent, or, indeed, of leaving his home for a few days, without giving, as the phrase goes, “the results of his travels to the world.” I have just returned from a tour to the Isle of Wight; and, as books of travels are so much the order of the day, I can see no admissible reason why I should not also “give to the world the results” of *my* journey. If my present attempt should be favourably received, it may possibly induce me to lay before the public the particulars of a tour I lately performed from my residence in

Covent Garden, to the remote and very imperfectly explored regions of Wapping. I flatter myself that the materials out of which I have constructed this article, are quite as important as those which constitute the marrow of most modern works of travel. I have only farther to observe, in the way of preface, that I shall not avail myself of the right now so generally claimed by travellers—the right, namely, of describing things they never saw, and narrating circumstances which never occurred. I shall limit myself to what I actually saw, and to what really did occur on my journey. I write under one advantage—the advantage of being unknown; for nobody, I believe, ever heard of the name of Simon Stubbs. In what follows I shall, consequently, be able to write with greater freedom generally, and with less reserve when speaking of myself, than if I were what is called a “known author.” So much by way of preliminary observation: now, then, for the narrative of my journey.

I set out from London, on my tour, on the 28th of ———, in 182—: and, there being no morning coach to be had—owing, I suppose, to the number of persons travelling in consequence of the elections which followed the then dissolution of Parliament—I was obliged to take the mail and to travel by night. I do not like travelling by night, but in this case, the urgency of my business would not admit of the delay of another day. I left London about eight o'clock. There were four of us inside. There was a gentleman of whom I could learn nothing on the way, beyond the fact that he was a Tory, and thought Mr. O'Connell a very athletic man. I assented to the latter proposition; and, touching the gentleman's expression of his political faith, said, that though I chanced to be of a different way of thinking, yet that we had the happiness of being in a free country, where every man had an undoubted right to entertain what opinions he pleased. Another of my fellow-travellers was a young

sailor, who was about to join the *Britannia*, at Portsmouth. He possessed an ample flow of spirits, and seemed to have but one drawback to his perfect happiness; that drawback was the absence of a hammock, in which he might have a nap on the way. The third inmate of the coach was a female, who at once confessed to being the landlady or proprietress of the "Hen and Chickens" public house, in the Mile End Road. She was on her way to some village in Hampshire, the name of which, as I neglected at the time to enter it in my note-book, I do not remember. However, the matter is of no great consequence. The object of her visit to the particular locality in Hampshire to which she was destined, was to get a renewal of her lease of the "Hen and Chickens" from her landlord, who, from some unaccountable whim, had taken it into his head to live in that part of the world. We had not proceeded many miles, when the sailor and the lady of the "Hen and Chickens" fell fast asleep; and, as the Tory

gentleman was going only two stages, I was soon left to my own meditations. I take it that the female was a widow. Be this as it may, she was tolerably “fat and fair,” and manifestly of the mature age of at least forty-five. So long as her eyes continued open, she proved a very pleasant companion. Balmy sleep, however, eventually overcame her; and, all of a sudden, there was an entire cessation to her eloquence. When within about six miles from Petersfield, she awoke from her slumbers; and, rubbing her eyes, yawned out—“Can you tell me, sir, what is the clock?”

“Ma’am,” said I, “it is half-past two.”

“Dear me,” said she, “is it so much as that?”

“It is, indeed.”

“Well, really!”

“You have been asleep, ma’am.”

“I thinks, sir,” answered she, in self-reproachful accents, as if ashamed of having taken a doze in the coach in the presence of two persons of the opposite gender; “I thinks, sir, I

does nothing but sleeps." And so saying she recommenced her loquacity with redoubled energy.

The scenery, I am told, was beautiful all the way; but, as in accordance with what I stated in the outset, I make a point—whatever other travellers may do—of never describing anything I have not seen, I shall say nothing about the scenery between Brompton and Petersfield; the darkness of the night having denied me the gratification of even a single glance at it.

Having reached Petersfield, which is nearly fifty miles from London, I had occasion to remain there for some time, and accordingly quitted the coach. On knocking at the door of the principal inn (the name of which, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten), Mary put her head, which was snugly enough encased in a nightcap, out of the window, and gazed at me—it was now day-break—as if I had been some wild animal. She uttered not a word; but it was very easy to guess what was passing in her

mind. I have not a doubt she was saying to herself—"Who are you?" I did not condescend to tell her who I was—I am usually rather reserved on that point—but told her I wanted a bed for the remainder of the night, or morning, whichever she might please to call it. She came down-stairs and opened the door with such commendable expedition, that I could not refrain from rewarding her prompt attention with a piece of silver—no matter what the amount. It was now about three o'clock, and I slept till nine. I then rose, put on my clothes, and, having taken breakfast, proceeded on foot to the country seat of a Member of Parliament, on whom I had occasion to call. The distance of the hon. gentleman's residence was about six miles from Petersfield. I determined on walking, because I thought I should thereby have a better opportunity than if I had taken a horse and gig, of seeing the country; which to me, who had been cooped up in London for some years, almost suffocated with its everlasting

smoke, was, I can assure the reader, a very pleasant sight. The day was oppressively hot, and I had to maintain a constant warfare all the way, both in going and returning, with legions of troublesome insects of all species; but then I was reconciled to these inconveniences, and should have been so, had their magnitude been ten times as great, in consideration of once more feasting my eyes on the green fields, and again breathing the fresh air. The sight of corn growing, and cows feeding, and ducks and drakes waddling about the farm-houses, was a perfect luxury to me; and recalled to my mind, in a very forcible manner, the happy period of my juvenile life, when such scenes were matters of daily occurrence. When about three miles from Petersfield, I became doubtful which of two ways was the right one to C—— Lodge; but seeing, at a short distance, a young man who was cutting grass with a scythe, I went up to him, and inquired which was the way to the place in question.

“ That, zur,” was the laconic answer, pointing to one of the two ways.

“ Is that the only way, young man ?” said I.

“ No, zur, there be another.”

“ Then, is the one to which you point me, the nearer of the two ?”

“ No, it ben’t that neither,” was the reply, which was given with infinite dryness of manner.

As the clodpole (as Cobbett would have called him) spoke, he laid down his scythe, and, advancing a few steps towards a stile, which stood betwixt him and me, put his two elbows on it, and looked quite comfortable.

“ Then, this is the nearer road to C—— Lodge,” I observed, pointing to the other pathway.

“ It be, zur,” growled the youthful Hodge.

“ I’m surprised, then, that you would have directed me by the farther road.”

“ How should I know, zur ?” rejoined the juvenile clodpole, in gruff tones, wiping the

perspiration off his brow with the sleeve of his smock-frock; "how should I know vich road you would like best? some likes the farthest, and some likes the nearest. There be Lunnun chaps as comes down this here way, vot likes to get a long valk, zur."

This completely silenced me. I had no doubt that he set me down as a "Lunnun chap as had come down to that there place." I took the nearer road, and walked on.

I had scarcely advanced fifty yards from the clodpole, when a butterfly came sailing slowly past me. So great a number of years had elapsed since I had seen one of these fluttering insects, that all my schoolboy feelings rushed unconsciously upon me; and I was about—just as if the intervening quarter of a century of my existence had been blotted out—to engage in a vigorous pursuit of the harmless creature across the fields. However, a recollection of what I was, or, at least, ought to be, at my advanced age, compared with what I had been twenty-five

years before, happily occurred to me, and I relinquished all idea of the chase.

Before I reached the place of my destination, I had to climb a very steep hill. What between the height of the hill and the oppressive heat of the weather, it will be readily believed that I stood in no small need of a few minutes to draw my breath. “I sat me down” on the top of the eminence; and, while resting my fatigued body, gratified my mind with the sight of the landscape before me. The prospect was extensive, and the richness of the scenery excelled anything I had ever seen. Had one of those personages arrogating to themselves the name of poets been present, he would, in attempting to describe the scene, have launched out, at once, into high-flown bombast about “wood and vale, hill and dale,” and so forth. I will do nothing of the kind; I never patronised this Mosaic or Brumagem sort of writing, and never will. Commend me to plain prose; the plainer the better. I know that poets fancy

that no one can appreciate aright the beauties of nature but themselves. Allow me to tell them, that they are very much mistaken. The assumption is as unfounded as it is conceited and arrogant. I never wrote a line of poetry in my life; what is more, I am innocent of ever having attempted it—and yet I will not yield in my admiration of the beauties of nature to any poet in Christendom.

I duly reached C—— Lodge; and, having arranged the trifling matters which led me thither, returned to Petersfield. The only incident worthy of mention that occurred to me on my way back, was that, feeling thirsty, I asked a young woman, whom I saw standing at the door of a farm-house which I had to pass, whether she could let me have a little milk to drink. “I’ll bring you some presently, sir,” was the answer; and that moment she darted into the house, and brought me out a bumper, with incredible expedition. What a luxury the milk in the country is, compared with the chalk-

and-water which one gets in London! I held out a piece of silver to the damsel, in return for her promptness, but she would not touch it. "Oh dear, no, sir; could not take anything for such a trifle as a drink of milk." Really, country people are very kind to strangers. One might live a century in London before one would meet with so much hospitality as to get even a drop of milk for nothing. "Nothing for nothing in my shop; no, not so much as the paring of an old shoe," says the cobbler, in the play. "Nothing for nothing from us," echo the hard-hearted and selfish cockneys of London.

I returned to Petersfield by two o'clock, and went at once to witness the nomination of candidates for the representation of the burgh. The candidates were Mr. Hector, the old member, and Sir William Jolliffe. Mr. Hector is a thorough-going Liberal; Sir William is one of the best Tories extant. Nothing particular occurred at the nomination. The only incident

which amused me, was that of a clownish-looking person in the crowd, with a smock-frock, and a hat which was thoroughly ventilated by means of the vast number of holes which old age had made in it, interrupting Sir William repeatedly, while making his speech; and the hon. baronet, at last tired to death by these interruptions, saying with infinite good humour—"Brother electors, if you'll allow me, I'll stop my speech until that *gentleman* (pointing to the party interrupting him) is done with *his* speech; and I'll then resume mine." I never was so pleased in my life with a Tory, as I was with Sir William. Toryism, I find, after all, is not incompatible with gentlemanly feelings and manners.

At six o'clock I started, on the outside of the stage coach, for Portsmouth. The vehicle was quite full of passengers. Two boys, apparently about ten years of age, sat on the "hind part," betwixt myself and another passenger. This passenger, I suspected in a moment, from

his physiognomy, to be a Radical; and one, too, of the surly school. My theory was soon—to my own satisfaction, at least—completely established, by his pulling from his pocket a copy of the “London Democrat,” which he devoured with an insatiable voracity of mental appetite; never even raising his eyes from it, nor exchanging a word with any fellow-passenger, for at least ten miles. By the time we had gone that distance, the boys, who had been very drowsy before, and quite as silent as the Radical himself, were suddenly seized, as if by a sort of Siamese sympathy, with a disposition to be merry; and they both began to sing aloud the slang about “Jim Crow,” which I was surprised to find had penetrated thus far into the provinces. One of the little fellows, in the plenitude of the zeal with which he sang the song, and suiting the action to the word, very nearly “wheeled” himself off the coach. “Take care, my little man,” said I, putting out my hand to prevent his falling off; “take care what you’re

about, or you'll find it a much easier matter to 'jump' down than to 'jump' up again."

"They are two very ill-behaved boys," grunted the Radical, raising his eyes from the columns of the "Democrat."

"Oh, poor fellows," I remarked, interposing a word on behalf of the youths; "boys are generally lively, and must have something to amuse them."

"They are two of the worst-bred boys I ever saw," resumed the Radical, in still more churlish accents. "If they were mine, I would lash them till the skin was taken off their backs."

"Oh, poor little fellows, you don't mean that!"

"I do, indeed; and sarve them right, too."

"Sir," said I, "I'm"—

"Sir," said he, interruptingly.

"Will you allow me to finish my sentence, sir?" said I.

"Certainly, sir; by all means, sir; go on, sir; finish your sentence, sir."

“What I was going to say, was, that I’m quite surprised to hear you. I have got children, but I certainly should not like to act so harshly towards them.”

“Well, sir,” said the Radical, looking quite savage; “well, sir, I’ve got a few cherubs, too.”

“Then, I’m sure you don’t mean to say that you would thrash your ‘cherubs’ for so trifling an offence as being a little lively on the top of a coach.”

“I do mean to say it; and what’s more, sir, I would *do* it,” answered the other, emphatically. “I would teach them a little better manners, sir.”

“You wouldn’t thrash the ‘cherubs’ so severely as to take the skin off their backs?” I observed inquiringly.

“I would, sir; I tell you I *would*, sir,” said the universal-suffrage and annual-Parliament man, with growing emphasis. “And what’s more,” he added, “I would not only thrash them till I had taken the skin off their backs,

but I would thrash them till I had torn their skin into ribands."

I *sat* aghast (for I was not in a standing position at the time) at the ferocity of disposition which the fellow betrayed. I felt a Mount Vesuvius of indignation burning within me. I wished, in my own mind—I hope I shall be forgiven if the wish, in the circumstances of the case, was uncharitable—I wished that the savage had been in the service of some despotic monarch, in order that his own hide might have been thoroughly flagellated. I paused for a moment, and then muttered out, in the best way my excited feelings would allow me, "Sir, you quite surprise me."

"Can't help that, sir; would do it," was the reply, given with a coolness, mingled with a harshness of manner I have never seen equalled.

"Well, sir, all I can say, sir, is, that I by no means admire either your taste or feelings, sir." I dare say I used a good many more "sirs," in the course of our altercation, than strict pro-

priety of speech would warrant; but my feelings were a great deal too much worked upon to be very measured, or very fastidious in the use of words. And I do not now regret that I spoke my mind plainly.

“Sir,” said the Rad., touching the collar of his shirt, which might, with great propriety, have been in the hands of the washerwoman; “sir, I don’t mind what you or any one else admires. I always thinks for myself; and what’s more, sir, I always *acts* for myself, too.” So saying, he resumed his perusal of the “London Democrat.”

I saw it was of no use to remonstrate with a person of this description; so I said no more: but I could not help thinking with myself what an unpoetical monster—no, unpoetical is not the word—what a barbarous monster the fellow must be to talk of lashing the skin off the backs of “cherubs!” I don’t know whether I’m right, but my notion always has been, that cherubs are a sort of infant angels. If so, the idea of flogging their backs until their skin was torn to

ribands, is not only an outrage on all good taste, but is absolutely atrocious.

I spoke not another word to this English savage that night ; neither did he speak a word to me ; nor, I may add, to anybody else. He never afterwards lifted his eyes from the Radical publication he was perusing.

I do not at this moment remember, though I used to be well acquainted with the fact, what was the circumstance which occurred to Dr. Johnson, in his journey to the Hebrides, that induced him to form the resolution of publishing an account of his journey to that island ; but this I know, that the conversation which passed between this Radical and myself was the circumstance that determined me to publish my travels on this occasion. When the idea first occurred to me of giving my tour to the world, my only fear was, that the limited extent of the journey I proposed to myself would not afford me sufficient materials ; but when I recollected the affair of the American, who wrote five news-

paper columns, in the shape of a memoir of a child of his which died at the age of six weeks, my apprehensions on the subject vanished. I thought with myself, it surely would go hard with me, if I could not make a readable article out of the incidents consequent on a journey to the Isle of Wight, when a Yankee could manufacture five newspaper columns in the form of an obituary of a child that died at the very tender age of a month and a half.

When within about five miles of Portsmouth, the sun, which had before been hid from our view, appeared as in the very act of going to bed; that is to say, was just employed in "setting" himself. It appeared to me—and let me be understood as speaking here with all possible seriousness—it appeared to me as if he had been, by some unaccountable mistake, setting where he usually rises, which everybody knows is in the east. I was so convinced of this fact, that I mentioned the thing to my fellow-passengers in that division of the coach where I

was located. Every one of them, always excepting the Radical, who was too much busied with his favourite periodical to think of anything else; every one of them took the sun's part, and said that he was setting in his usual quarter. For some time, in opposition to them all, I held to my own hypothesis; but, on mature reflection, I was obliged to give way. When I thought more fully on the subject, I came to the conclusion, that it was much more likely that I was in error, than that the sun himself had made a mistake as to the proper place of his setting. I was the more fortified in this conviction, when I found that the regularity and propriety of procedure of the luminary whose conduct I had thus ventured to arraign, was so promptly and decidedly vouched for by all present.

I have since learned—and it is but an act of justice to the sun to make the admission fully and candidly—I have since learned, that the mistake was wholly on my part, and that it

occurred to me in consequence of the zig-zag character of the road we travelled, which set at defiance all my astronomical or geographical notions (I know not in this case which is the right word); which astronomical or geographical notions are not over accurate at any time.

When within about two miles of Portsmouth, I saw a woman standing at the door of a cottage, with her head wrapped in flannel. She was evidently labouring under the toothache. I deeply sympathized with her; very probably for this, more than for any other reason, that I unfortunately happened, at the moment, to be violently suffering under the same infliction myself.

On reaching Portsmouth, I made it my first work to call at the committee-room of Mr. B——, it being the evening preceding the election; and, feeling a lively interest in the result of to-morrow's poll, I asked Mr. B—— how matters were proceeding. "Oh, just the usual way in such cases," answered he, rather hesi-

tatingly. The truth was, though I was not aware of it at the time, the symptoms looked very badly. The show of hands, which had a few hours before been taken, was in favour of the two Tory candidates, Sir George C—— and Lord F. This was not very favourable to Mr. B——'s prospects next day. However, a show of hands is not always a correct index to popular feeling. Mr. B—— and his Liberal colleague were returned, though by a small majority.

On passing through one of the streets, I was struck at seeing, in a druggist's shop, what appeared to me a wooden representation of a Scotch Highlander, at least six feet in height, and of very athletic proportions—such as we often see at the doors of snuff-shops in London. I could not, for the life of me, conceive what earthly connexion a kilted Highlander could have with Epsom salts, senna leaves, and the other stuff called medicine, with which people are drugged to death ; and consequently, by all

the acknowledged rules of logic, I concluded that he had no business there. A thought has since then struck me—what if the proprietor of the shop, united with the calling of an apothecary, that of a miscellaneous dealer, which I know is often done in country towns. In that case, he may have been a vendor of snuff; and if so, the wooden Highlandman was quite appropriate.

In proceeding along the streets, I saw a great many poor broken-down creatures who had just returned from the military service of a foreign prince. I was struck with what seemed to me their very diminutive appearance. I asked a person with whom I had some conversation, whether they were not shorter in stature than our soldiers generally are. “Not a bit of it,” was the answer; “they only appear so because, in the first place, the crowns of the bonnets they wear are close on their heads; and in the second, they either have no shoes at all, or the soles are worn off.” I saw the thing quite

clearly, and was only amazed and mortified at my own stupidity in not having seen it before. They were pitiable fragments of humanity. The sight of so many of them flung me into a train of moralization on the iniquities and miseries of war.

I was surprised, on going down High Street towards the river, to see so many caravans and stalls of every kind. The thing was explained at once, when I found it was the day of the fair. I was struck with the amazing disproportion which dolls and gingerbread bore to the other articles offered for sale. If the demand for dolls bear any relation to the supply, the people of Portsmouth must either be the most inveterate anti-Malthusians in existence, or the dolls must be patronised by children of a very large growth.

Having been advised by a friend to put up at the Quebec Hotel, as a place where I should find very comfortable accommodation, I inquired of a man I met in the street the way to the

Quebec. "Go straight on," said he, "for some time, then turn the corner, and then go right a-head." Straight on! turn the corner! right a-head! What a direction to give to one who had never before put a foot in Portsmouth in his life! The fellow might as well have spoken to me in the dialect of Timbuctoo. Happily, however, I soon met with another person, of a more rational cast. He gave me a direction which was intelligible, and I proceeded to within a dozen or two yards of the house—when, at a loss what course next to pursue, I put my head in at an open shop-door, and inquired where the Quebec Hotel was. "It be across the Square," answered the proprietor of a voice which bore a remarkable resemblance to that of Master Punch. The voice came from behind a red curtain, which was intended, I suppose, as a sort of protection to a writing-desk; but I was not favoured with a glimpse of the speaker. Who he was matters not; but he certainly was, judging from his manner of ex-

pressing himself, one of the most crusty customers it has been my fate to meet with. Had the Quebec Hotel been an opposition shop, the cause of his crossness would have been perfectly intelligible.

A few paces more brought me to my desired quarters. I engaged a bed for the night, and then went out again with somewhat of an intention to go to a dentist, to have the tooth, which was still paining me, extracted. But afterwards, I thought that as it was dark, and I had heard of the wrong tooth being sometimes drawn by mistake at night, I came to the conclusion that I had better defer the operation till next morning. The person performing the operation may take the matter quite coolly, when he extracts the wrong grinder by mistake ; but it is no joke to the party who undergoes the operation.

I then went through the fair with the view of amusing myself for half-an-hour or so before going to bed. Passing a sort of booth, of

unusual dimensions, at the entrance to which were stationed a set of noisy fellows with all sorts of music, I asked what was to be seen. "Vauxhall, sir," was the answer from three or four voices. I determined on going in, to see a Portsmouth Vauxhall; and was surprised that no charge was made for my admission. On getting into the interior, I saw nothing but just as many variegated lamps as were sufficient to make darkness visible, and twenty or thirty persons, consisting, of course, of both sexes, most of whom were dancing as energetically as they could. As I never trip the light fantastic toe, I immediately went out again. I had not proceeded forty yards, when I saw another large erection. "What is this place?" I inquired of a person I saw standing at the door. "This is Wauxhall, sir." "What, two Vauxhalls in Portsmouth! Well, I shall go in and see what sort of affair this is." I went in; not, however, until I had paid the shilling demanded of me. Behold it was precisely the same as the

other Vauxhall ! I thought that to call such places Vauxhall was an outrage on the name. It appeared to me a very strange thing that I should not be charged anything for admission in the one case, and a shilling in the other.

From Vauxhall the second, I proceeded immediately to the place where the caravans were stationed ; but, on my way, I took the precaution of buttoning my coat. A more ragamuffin, Old-Bailey-looking set of personages than the mob in front of the vehicles, I had never before seen ; and, as I had a few sovereigns in my pocket, for which I thought I might find some use before my return to London, it appeared to me better to take care of them myself, than allow any of the persons before me to relieve me of the charge. I had, too, a watch on my person, which, though by no means remarkable for the regularity of its goings, might possibly, I thought, *go* on this occasion. I was surprised to see so many persons without coats on their backs. Whether this was from the heat of the

weather, or from the fact of their having no coats to put on, I could not, and cannot now, determine. Very likely both causes had something to do with the matter. Of all the things which amused me at the "show," was that of a Yorkshireman, who kept constantly bawling out an invitation to the spectators to go and see some wild beast, which constituted his exhibition. He assured his audience, that they would never again see such a curiosity "durin' the whole of their natural born lives." As the price of admission was only one penny, I had a good mind to see this four-footed wonder; but was afraid I might be too late for my bed, as the Quebec shuts up, and shuts out, too, at eleven o'clock precisely. I returned, therefore, to the Quebec, and went forthwith to bed, which was a very excellent one. I never slept on a more comfortable bed in my life. My room was No. 2, which looked on the sea, and was only two or three yards from it. I am by no means partial to salt water; but, as twenty-five years

had elapsed since I had slept on a bed looking on the sea, I was not at all displeased, after so long an interval, to be similarly situated again.

I rose next morning at eight o'clock. It is quite an era in my existence to get up at so early an hour. However, in this case, I could not help myself. Took nearly half-an-hour to shave myself, owing to the bluntness of my razor. Shaving is a very unpleasant operation at any time: it is particularly so when one's razor won't cut.

Having taken breakfast, I inquired whether there was a coach to be had to Southampton. There was not; and, as I had pressing business there, I found there was no alternative but to hire a boat. I asked two boatmen what they would charge to row me there, which is distant from Portsmouth about twenty miles. "Twelve shillings," was the answer. I tried to reduce their charge down to half-a-guinea; but it would not do. I was consequently obliged to let them have their own terms. I thought

twelve shillings an enormous sum to give for being conveyed to Southampton; but I was reconciled to the amount, from two considerations—first, the expenses did not come out of my own pocket, but out of the treasury of the morning paper; and, secondly, there was the satisfaction of having a boat to myself, and two men my obedient servants for the time being. Immediately on entering the boat, I inquired whether there was any chance of being sea-sick. “Bless your soul, sir, none whatever; the sea is as smooth as glass all the way.” I have a great horror of sea-sickness. From the experience I have had of this sensation, I never could admire the sea-sick scene in Don Juan. Byron never wrote anything so absurd. I will maintain, in opposition to the whole universe, that ardent love and regular sea-sickness never existed together. They are incompatible. Had Don Juan been thoroughly sea-sick, he could not have wasted a thought on Julia. He would not, had she been in the vessel at the

time, have moved a single step to save her, even had some one attempted to throw her overboard. It is clear that Byron never knew experimentally—and mere theory, in such cases, is worth nothing—what sea-sickness is; or he would never have written such nonsense about his hero's affection for his mistress. He would never have represented his Don as exclaiming, amidst his severest qualms — “O Julia! oh!” But I will not pursue the subject farther. Byron has written so many excellent things, that we can well forgive him an occasional blunder of this kind.

Before we had proceeded many yards in the boat, I inquired whether there was any danger of being boat-wrecked on the way. “Not any,” was the answer; “our boat, sir, has stood many a tough breeze. Besides, we'll keep very close to the land all the way.” The poor fellows, I suppose, took me for a Cockney. If they did, I have no doubt they were undeceived before we reached our destined port.

When about two miles from Portsmouth, I saw fourteen or fifteen cows on the shore. I concluded at once the animals were at the sea-bathing. I was much surprised to see some of them drinking out of the sea. I thought in my own mind that they must be very thirsty before they could bring themselves to drink salt water : at any rate, I know I should.

About two or three hundred yards farther on, I was delighted to hear a lark singing above our heads ; but my feeling of pleasure at the sweet voice of the charming bird, was mingled with regrets that it should have wasted its music on the waters. It was a great error of judgment on the part of the poor lark, to sing above the sea. I have no idea that the finny tribe could hear its dulcet warblings ; but, even if they could, I am convinced that they could not appreciate their beauty, for it is beyond all question that they are not musically inclined : they have not an atom of taste for harmony.

Hitherto our progress had been but slow ; and

I felt a strong disposition to quarrel with the boatmen; but, on mature consideration, I was satisfied that the fault did not rest with them. They did their best; the blame attached to the wind and tide, which were both against us. If, therefore, I had any legitimate ground of quarrel, it was with the wind and tide; but where would have been the use of quarrelling with them?

I was much surprised at seeing particular patches of the sea, twenty or thirty yards in circumference, as smooth as glass, while all around, the water was more or less ruffled. I could not, nor can I now, account for this. "There are more things" in the sea, as well as "in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Speaking of the smoothness of particular parts of the sea, reminds me of the superior reflecting capabilities which some persons have ascribed to it. I have heard it said, that so great are the reflecting powers of the sea, when

in a perfectly calm state, that a person in a boat might shave himself quite as well by it as by the best mirror. I don't believe anything of the kind. The sea is but a very indifferent reflector at best. The idea of seeing one's face in it with sufficient distinctness to shave, I look upon as a positive outrage on one's common sense. It is pure invention ; it is just as much a poetical fiction as that of the cock fighting with his own shadow seen in a gentleman's boot, which had been polished by Warren's superlative jet blacking.

The fineness of the weather, coupled with the slow progress we made on our voyage, was highly favourable to meditation ; and I can say with truth, that I do not believe that, at any former period of my life, an equal number of ideas suggested themselves to my mind in the same space of time. The crop was really abundant : Falstaff's harvest of blackberries could not have been half so ample. And what is more, if I can be considered an impartial

judge, I should say, my ideas were good. I deeply regretted I had not pen, ink, and paper with me. From a want of these, all went as fast as they came, and are consequently lost to the world. What a loss! Its full magnitude will never be estimated.

When about half-way between Portsmouth and Southampton, I began to debate with myself what would be the best form in which to give the results of this tour to the world. At one time I thought of a detached publication; but, on mature consideration, I came to the wise resolve of making a magazine the medium of my communication with the public. A very excellent thing is a good magazine. This last sentence is not very good English; but let it pass. I begin to think there is no use in being very particular in matters of style.

I will not say much more about our voyage, though in justice to the scenery along the opposite coast, I must say it was charming. After a tedious passage of five hours, we arrived all

safe at Southampton. The boatmen knew I had to return to Portsmouth that evening, and pressingly urged me to return with them. As an inducement, they offered to take me back for eight shillings; but all their entreaties were in vain. A steamer, I knew, sailed from Southampton for Portsmouth in the course of the afternoon; and the little experience I had had on the sea, had taught me this important lesson, that steamers are more to be depended on as to time than open boats, and are to be decidedly preferred on other accounts.

I had just time to transact my little business in Southampton before the sailing of the vessel. "The steam was just up" as I went on board: a few minutes more, and I should have been in time to be too late. The only thing that struck me as remarkable on board, was the circumstance of seeing three girls, whose ages varied from ten to fourteen, so very like each other, that, had they been of the same size, the mother that bore them (as an Irishman would

say) would not have been able to say which was which.

We had not been fifteen minutes on our steam-boat voyage, when what the sailors would call a " tremendous squall " arose, with the not particularly pleasing accompaniment of a prodigious shower of rain. I felt unspeakably thankful that I had resisted the solicitations of the boatmen to return to Portsmouth with them. To be tossed about on the wide ocean, at the mercy of the winds and waves, in an open boat, and to be drenched to the skin to the bargain, is by no means a particularly pleasant thing.

We reached Portsmouth a little before seven o'clock. Evils, say the moralists, do not come singly. It's all very true ; they generally come in pluralities, if that be a proper term. During the half-hour I had been in Southampton, I had suffered much from my old enemy, the toothache, and also from a keen appetite, without having time to take something with the view of

conciliating it. Here, then, were a pair of evils, under which I smarted, and to aggravate these while I found the voracity of my appetite increased on returning to the sea, I was horrified to find there was nothing to eat on board. Happily, however, after I had been some time on the sea, the toothache became less painful. I need not add, that my first work on reaching Portsmouth was, to pay proper respect to the claims made by my appetite. For reasons I need not mention, I ordered toast and coffee: I ate mountains of toast, and drank oceans of coffee.

Being again assailed by my troublesome tooth, I would have given anything to have been within a reasonable distance of the dentist I patronise on such unpleasant occasions; in which case I should have had it out at once. That wish, however, was, in the circumstances of the case, vain. I may here remark, that, after being an hour or so at sea, I always found my toothache less painful than when on land.

Can it be, that there is any virtue for this troublesome complaint in the sea air? It would not matter much if there were, as the relief would, to most persons, be only temporary: people can't be always on the sea.

I slept again in No. 2 of the Quebec Hotel, and rose next morning to have a sight of the town. It is a very irregular dull sort of place; the streets seem to be all at sixes and sevens, and to straggle in every possible direction. The population is considerable.

Having taken a hasty glance of Portsmouth, I set out on the same day on a second visit—but by land this time—to Southampton. In the suburbs of the former town, I was amused at seeing a man with his coat off and his hat on, sound asleep in a wheelbarrow on the side of the road. “Well, sure,” as the Cockneys would say, of all beds in the world, to sleep in a wheelbarrow was, I thought to myself, the drollest. And on the side of a public road, too! The man, it was clear, must be an Irishman.

So odd an idea would never have occurred to anybody else. And then the way in which the happy dog doubled himself up, so as to bring his body into the limited compass of the interior of a wheelbarrow, was a feat which deserved all praise.

About fifty yards farther on, on the same side of the road, I saw a sign-board with a sort of portrait, pretending to represent Lord John Russell, on it. To me who am in the habit of seeing his lordship at least a hundred times every year, this affair appeared infinitely ludicrous. All the world knows that Lord John is a very little man, of spare habit, just as if he only dined one day out of seven; while here he was represented as a giant of the first class—a perfect mountain of mortality. And then there was the nose which the painter had given him. Such a nose! I never saw a protuberance like it on the face of any human being. The only nose which bears any resemblance to the facial projection the artist had given Lord John, is

that of Lord Brougham; and the resemblance even in that case is very slight. It is clear to me as daylight, that this portrait of Lord John was the work of some Tory artist, who had done the thing with the special intention of holding him up to ridicule. If ever his lordship should have occasion to pass in that direction, I would call his special attention to this caricature of his person. I am not sure whether an action of damages would not lie against the proprietor of the house, for this daily libel on the personal appearance of his lordship.

In the course of this stage, I was surprised to see one of the four horses galloping all the way, while his three colleagues in the harness never exceeded the pace called a moderate trot. The thing appeared to me very strange. "Joe," said I, addressing myself to coachee, and tapping him on the shoulder; "Joe, just tell me why that horse on the right side gallops all the way, while the others only trot."

"Oh," said Joe, looking over his shoulder

towards me, who sat directly behind him, and speaking in accents of infinite good-nature ; “ oh, he does it just to please himself.”

“ Oh, very good,” said I ; “ if he’s pleased, that’s everything. He has an undoubted right, Joe, to please himself.”

It was clear, from the simple and unsophisticated way in which Jarvey gave me the above answer, that he thought it a most luminous and satisfactory one. I could not, for the life of me, hint that I was not satisfied with it.

The scenery on the land side of Portsmouth was exceedingly beautiful ; and it grew more and more so, as we approached Southampton. The only thing that struck me as odd on the road to the latter place, was another sign, a swinging one, which occupied a prominent place in the pretty little village of Fareham. It is evidently intended to represent some quadruped, but what that quadruped is, it would puzzle any one but the artist to discover. I doubt, indeed, whether even he had any distinct animal in his mind’s

eye, when he took the brush and palette in hand. Of this I am certain, that Cuvier never heard of such a beast. It is one of the best specimens of a monster I ever heard of. It has the horns of a ram, the face of a bull, a mane, or something like it, resembling that of a lion, while its feet are like—I really cannot tell what they are like. This work does not, unfortunately, give engravings, otherwise I would present my readers with a sketch of this most extraordinary animal: a description of it is out of the question.

On reaching Southampton, I applied for a bed for a few nights at the Portland Hotel; but it so happened, that all the beds were pre-engaged, in consequence of that being the time both of the races and the election. I got, however, accommodation in the Crown Commercial Hotel; but had occasion to be a good deal in another inn, which shall be nameless, because of a little incident I am about to mention. The coffee-room swarmed with flies to such an

extent, that one could hardly help thinking that all the flies in Southampton had congregated in that room; and they were withal so troublesome, that I found it impossible to get on with my writing with any comfort to myself. I have somewhere—at least so I think—read of a warrior, who, being in the momentary expectation of an attack from the enemy, grasped his sword in the one hand, while he wrote his letters and despatches with the other. Comparing small things with great, I was pretty much in the same predicament. I had to keep off the troublesome insects with the one hand, while I guided my pen with the other. Often did I find myself engaged in an unequal conflict, and on repeated occasions I was obliged to leave my foes masters of the field, and seek for a cessation from hostilities by going into the street. When, on one occasion, the war betwixt them and me, was raging at its height, the waiter, a country-looking, good-natured sort of person, chanced to drop into the room, with a towel

under his arm. An idea struck me. A towel is an excellent weapon wherewith to fight the flies : it is a capital thing for compelling them to fly out at the windows or doors, or at any opening that chances to be within their reach.

“John,” said I, “will you assist me?”

“To do what, sir?”

“I’ll tell you presently.”

“You have got a formidable army here.”

“An army did you say, sir?” observed John, pricking up his ears and looking quite confounded, evidently associating something awful with the word.

“Yes, and very undisciplined troops they are.”

“Troops, sir!”

“Ay, and they are as offensive as they are numerous. They are always acting on the offensive.”

“Offensive troops, sir!”

“Yes ; I mean you have got a great number of flies in this room.”

“Oh, a great number of flies, is it, sir?” his

countenance brightening up, on discovering that there was no powder nor shot in the matter. "Yes, sir," he added, with much self-complacency; "yes, sir, we have got a great deal too many on 'em."

"I'm precisely of the same opinion, John; but how shall we get rid of them?"

"That's the very thing I wants to know, sir. Mistress and me has been a-talking about it, but we don't know as how it should be done."

"When do they go to bed, John? Because, if they go in reasonable hours, I would sit up some time after them, and finish my letters in peace and quietness."

"The flies go to bed, sir!" said the waiter, looking as much amazed as if I had been —— I shall not say what.

"Ay, when do they retire to rest?"

"When are they quiet, you mean, sir."

"Yes, yes, quiet will do; when are they quiet?"

“Oh, they’re not so troublesome, sir, after the gas is lighted.”

“And when do they set to work again in the morning? Early risers, I suppose, John—eh?”

“Vy,” said John, with a smile of infinite good-nature, at my use of the phrase early risers as applied to flies; “vy, sir, at half-past five in the morning.”

“Ah, John, they rise too early for me. I could not think of getting up before that hour to finish my letters. We must take some means or other of getting them expelled.”

“Get them out, you mean, sir.”

“Yes, certainly; clear the house of them, in some way or other.”

“Oh, we’ll soon do that, sir; but the evil of it is, they’ll soon find their way in again.”

“Well, John, it will be some relief to get rid of them for a short time. Will you assist me in turning them out?”

“Oh, most certainly, sir;” and with that he set to work, and chased them out, by means of

his towel, in thousands at a time. In a few minutes, almost every one of them had fled. Shortly after, however, as the waiter said, they began to come in again on the sly ; but, happily, they did not muster so strong as before, the whole of that evening ; and, having finished my business, I left Southampton—a very excellent town, population, 22,000—on the following morning, for the Isle of Wight.

The Isle of Wight would never forgive me, if I did not say it is a delightful place ; but I cannot just now describe the beauties of its scenery, nor give a record of my adventures in it. I returned to London in ten days, all well. Travelling, I find, is a very expensive thing. I was, however, in this case, reconciled to the calamity of spending money, from the consideration before referred to—namely, that my expenses did not come out of my own pocket. It makes, as Mr. O'Connell would say, “ a mighty difference ” in the comparative pleasure of a journey when one's expenses are paid by

others, instead of by himself. I was quite delighted to get back to London. London is the place after all.

I have often wondered, while inditing this journal of my eventful tour to the Isle of Wight, whether any of my readers will say that Simon Stubbs is an entertaining fellow. I don't see why they shouldn't. If I thought such was their opinion, I would soon find some pretext or other for travelling again, for their special gratification.

CHAPTER VIII.

Joseph loses his engagement—His growing pecuniary embarrassments—Remarks on periodical and general literature, considered as a profession—Joseph's disappointments.

JOSEPH had been only three weeks returned from his election journey, when a dispute occurred between him and the editor of the paper with which he was connected, which led to the loss of his engagement. The words which passed between him and Mr. Leader, had their origin in his non-attention to certain instructions given him by the other. To those instructions Joseph had neglected to attend, in consequence of having accidentally met with a dissolute acquaintance, with whom he adjourned to a tavern, where he spent the evening, altogether forgetting his professional duties. He had, on

several previous occasions, been guilty of the same misconduct, and had been duly warned that, if a repetition of it should occur, the result would be the loss of his engagement. He disregarded the warning; he repeated the offence, and was visited with the threatened punishment.

What was now to be done? He had not only—as will be understood from what was stated at some length in the second volume—not saved anything, but had run himself deeply into debt. To obtain another such engagement as he had lost, on any of the other daily journals, was, he knew, a matter of great difficulty at any time; and, at the particular time at which he lost his engagement, it was especially so, in consequence of the number of candidates then applying for such engagements. His only resource, therefore, lay in literary exertion. But to what department of literature ought he to turn his attention? To attempt to write a book was out of the question; for, though he might have

possessed the requisite talent for the production of a work on either of several subjects, yet his mind was so harassed and unsettled, as to unfit him for the close and continuous application of his mental powers to the preparation of such a work. In magazine contributions, therefore, his only hope rested. To the precariousness or uncertainty of this source of dependence for one's support, the author has had occasion, in some of his former works, to refer. The subject is one, however, of so much importance, and so many excellent young men have been ruined for life by trusting to their contributions to the periodical literature of the day, for their support, as to justify some farther observations on it.

It is a common error among young and ardent aspirants after literary distinction, to flatter themselves that, if they have once succeeded in finding admission into the pages of two or three of the more popular periodicals, the insertion of their future contributions will

follow as a matter of course ; and that, consequently, they may consider themselves as in a condition to earn a permanent living by their magazine labours. They reason, in other words, that, if they have, for the last three, four, five, or six months, averaged a certain monthly sum, say twenty guineas, by their contributions to the periodical literature of the day, they are justified in concluding that, with the same amount of industry and the same exercise of talent on their own part, they will average the same sum for a long series of years to come. No conclusion could be more fallacious—no conviction more unfounded. Every day's experience is at variance with it. The party may write as well, even better than ever ; and he may be singularly happy in the choice of his subjects ; and yet, from the unaccountable capriciousness of the proprietors or editors, he may, without any previous notice, be entirely shut out for ever afterwards from their pages. Innumerable instances of this have come under

the personal observation of the writer ; and all acquainted with our current periodical literature will be able to refer, in their own minds, to numerous similar cases. Only about three months have elapsed since it was authoritatively stated, in noticing the death of the most extensive and most talented magazine contributor of his day, that though, a few years ago, he had been making as much as £1200 per annum by his chance contributions to newspapers and periodicals, he had latterly not made £100 a-year ; while for months in succession, he had not earned a single shilling. And when a clever contributor to periodicals finds articles which he knows to be equal to anything he has ever written, rejected, the circumstance has such a disheartening effect on his mind, that he is not afterwards able to write so well as formerly ; consequently, his contributions are rejected for mere want of merit, even where there is no other cause of rejection. So that, when once a magazine writer is fairly down,

he very rarely, if ever, recovers himself again. As a literary man, he is lost for ever.

But we ought not to confine our observations to magazine writing. They ought to receive a more extended application. It may be doing an act of essential service to thousands of gifted, but far too sanguine young men, just entering on the perilous career of authorship, to make some remarks respecting the present position of literature in general, viewed as a profession. On this point the writer has touched in a former work. A few more facts, however, may be here adduced.

It is an established fact, that not one in five hundred of those who have devoted themselves to professional authorship, are able, by the labours of their pen, to earn a permanent livelihood. It has been ascertained that, in London alone, the number of persons who have adopted authorship as a profession, and who have no other means of subsistence, is from 3000 to 4000. To these are to be added the

thousands who have commenced a literary career with the view of following it as a profession, but whose total failure, or very indifferent success, has induced them to relinquish it, and apply themselves to other pursuits. Now, assuming that the entire number of persons who are either living as they best can, by the produce of their pen, or who, having within the last twenty years found that existence by its means was impracticable, and have therefore abjured literature—is about 10,000, it will be found very difficult to name twenty individuals, or one out of every five hundred, who have been able to convert their literary talents into the means of procuring for themselves a permanent and ample living. It is true, that authors now and then—more perhaps by accident than anything else—enjoy a degree of popularity which, while it lasts, is very productive in a pecuniary point of view; but then how *long*, in the majority of such cases, does such popularity last? “Ay, there’s the rub!” Evanescant,

indeed, with very few exceptions, is, to use the nomenclature of political economists, a *productive* literary reputation. The reputation, considered simply as an abstraction, is often enduring ; but it is inoperative in its pecuniary relations. There are scores of popular authors, whom it were easy, were it not invidious, to name, who cannot, at this moment, obtain a single sixpence for anything they write. Many of them are suffering all the horrors of want ; and hundreds of others, possessing superior talents, though never having risen to eminence, are in the same deplorable condition.

But to return to our hero. Joseph had the mortification, as well as pecuniary disappointment, of finding that, on an average, notwithstanding his former success, not more than one out of every four of the articles he offered to the current magazines was accepted. None but a literary man, of sensitive mind, can have any idea of the bitter disappointment experienced by literary men when their contributions

are rejected. Every such rejection goes like a dagger to their hearts. The editor may return the manuscript in as polite terms as the English language can supply ; he may assure the writer that the rejection of his article is only the result of the pre-engagement of his pages by stated contributors ; or he “ may regret exceedingly ” that he cannot “ avail himself ” of his would-be “ correspondent’s talents : ” still, through all this politeness, the rejected contributor clearly perceives, that the true reason, where there is no caprice on the part of the editor, of his exclusion from the pages of the particular periodical is, that his article is not deemed worthy of admission. The natural consequence of all this is (as has already been remarked), that the poor literary man becomes disheartened, writes under great depression of spirits, and, as a necessary result, writes much worse. To the justice of these observations, hundreds of literary men who may read this work, will yield a ready response. They can speak from experi-

ence. From their sad experience, they can bear testimony to the truth of what we have said.

Such was the condition of Joseph. To get only one article inserted in the periodicals of the day, while three were rejected, was very discouraging to him. He saw that the effect of the disappointment was, to make him write much worse. Meanwhile his pecuniary necessities were becoming greater and greater every hour. His creditors were daily growing more and more clamorous, and he himself becoming more and more desponding. He was a most miserable man. To the supports of religion he was a total stranger; he had never felt its power. His prospects were as gloomy as can be conceived. At times, indeed, the question whether he ought not to put an end to his earthly miseries by terminating his earthly existence, suggested itself to him. He now began to become sensible of the folly of his past career; but, like thousands of other thoughtless persons, he did not make the dis-

covery until it was too late. The warnings which had been given him by Mr. Lovegood, though not only disregarded, but forgotten as soon as they had passed the lips of the worthy man, now recurred with a terrible power to his mind. Mr. Lovegood's prediction that, if he persisted in the irreligious course he was pursuing when the remonstrance was addressed to him, the result would not only be most injurious to his immortal interests, but the loss of his newspaper engagements—that prediction was brought to his recollection by its fulfilment in his painful experience. Miserable, indeed, was his situation. He knew not what to do; he knew not in what way to better his circumstances. He was, in the language of the Psalmist, at his wit's end. And, to complete his wretchedness, he had to reproach himself with being the author of it all. He was miserable from morning to night. And even when night came—though a season in which the most wretched, when their wretchedness is not the

result of a guilty conscience, enjoy rest and peace—even when night came, there came with it no exemption from his misery. Either he did not sleep at all, but lay awake mourning over and cursing his own folly; or, if he did close his eyes, it was only a broken repose he experienced—a repose disturbed by the most terrible dreams. He might have written of himself with a terrible truth—“Of all men the most miserable.”

CHAPTER IX.

The extremities to which Joseph is reduced—Visits a pawn-broker's shop to borrow money—His feelings.

HE must be a very inattentive observer of what is daily passing around him, who has not repeatedly remarked with what rapidity persons are in the habit of descending in the social scale, after they have reached a certain point in the downward road. Every day now added to the wretchedness of Joseph's condition. He was furnished, in his own painful experience, with an illustration of the common adage, that misfortunes do not come singly. He had hitherto been so far successful as to get an occasional article into a newspaper or magazine, for which he received remuneration according

to the scale by which the journals into whose columns or pages his contributions found their way, were in the habit of paying; but this occurred so seldom, and the articles were so short, and the rate of remuneration so low, that all the money he derived from this source, was barely sufficient to procure him one good meal a-day. And even this source of income, if his scanty receipts deserved the name, soon dried up, and he was sometimes a month without earning a sixpence.

In what way, it will be asked, did he manage to subsist at all? By means to which all in his situation are obliged to resort. He saw no other alternative, unless he was prepared to commit a sort of passive suicide, than that of raising, from time to time, a few shillings on such articles as he had in his possession. Hitherto, amidst all the vicissitudes of his life, he had never been in a pawnbroker's shop. That was a place to which he had not dreamed of having recourse, even at times when he had been most perseveringly

and clamorously dunned for mere trifling debts. All he knew of pawnbrokers' shops, was the scanty knowledge to be derived from pausing for a moment to inspect some curious article which caught his eye in the window. To proceed to a pawnbroker's shop, therefore, was a course which he was most reluctant to adopt. He shrunk from the idea, not only because it would lower himself in his own estimation, but because he was utterly ignorant of the way in which the sort of business done in these places, is transacted.

For days after the idea had first suggested itself to him, did he combat with it; preferring rather to submit each day to the privation of a meal, than to have recourse to a mode of administering to his necessities with which he associated so much that was humiliating. Necessity, however, has no law. His poverty, or, rather, his extreme destitution, obtained the mastery over his feelings. He came to the conclusion, that to the pawnbroker he would, because he *must*,

go. But what article should he pawn? That was a perplexing question. He had several articles of clothing in good condition; for, as may have been inferred from previous parts of the work, he had been in the habit of keeping a good supply of apparel of the best quality. Should he pawn some of his books, or a portion of his clothing? The choice lay between the two; for, though he had trinkets of some value which had belonged to his mother, the idea of depositing them as security for the loan of a small sum never entered his mind. Should he pawn his books? These, certainly, not being necessities of life, could have been parted with much more conveniently than any portion of his wardrobe. But then they were the gifts of two friends, both of whom were dead. When we mention that one of those friends was Mr. Lovegood, the reader will at once infer what the character of the works, so far as they were his gifts, was. Joseph could not think of parting with them. They had, it is true, lain in his

trunk unread and unregarded. That was to be regretted. Had they been read, and their advice adopted, he would not have been reduced to the straits which made the depositing of them a matter of debate in his own mind. But though the books had been wholly neglected—so much so, indeed, as that Joseph could scarcely tell what their nature was—still, amidst all his reverses and all his wretchedness, there remained in his bosom such a profound respect for the memory of one who had acted so generous and friendly a part to him, as made him resolve rather to part with his apparel than with them. It was substantially the same with the books which were the gifts of his other deceased friend. Though, if Joseph had been driven by a necessity to be no longer resisted, to part with the books which he had received from either of his two departed friends, he would have retained those which were the gifts of Mr. Lovegood, in preference to those which his other friend had given him; yet as the choice now lay between

the books and his clothing, he determined on parting with such portions of the latter as he could, in the meantime, most conveniently spare.

To the pawnbroker's he accordingly went with a green surtout, which had not been much worn. To quit his lodgings on this errand was to him one of the most painful trials his feelings had ever experienced. He chose the evening for the purpose, the evenings being at the then season of the year dark. He wrapped up the coat in an old newspaper, and left his lodgings with the parcel under his arm, as confused in appearance as if he had been committing felony—as if the article had not belonged to himself. Had a policeman seen him as he passed along the streets, his manner could not have failed to attract his attention, and awaken his suspicions as to the mode by which J  seph had come into the possession of the bundle beneath his arm. He at length reached the pawnbroker's—commonly called “My Uncle's”—shop, and peeped

into it, to see if there were any one inside, before he would venture to cross the threshold. There was one person, a woman, standing beside the counter, declaiming most eloquently and energetically in praise of the excellent qualities of a gown which she was pawning, hoping thereby to prevail on "My Uncle" to raise a little higher his estimate of the value of the commodity she was submitting to his inspection. Joseph shrunk back: he could not endure the idea of entering the shop while another was in it, though that other was a woman evidently in the humbler ranks of life, and wholly unknown to him—as he was to her. He fancied that she, stranger though she was to him, would at once discover the true cause of his being there. He imagined that nobody could see him without knowing the exact nature of the peculiar pressure which had driven him to the desperate expedient of seeking the aid of the pawnbroker. It is singular how all persons situated as Joseph was, take it for granted that, if they have

recourse to any step which denotes poverty, everybody with whom they come in contact will at once discover, as if by intuition, the real state of their private affairs, even in their minutest details. Joseph was as yet an utter ignoramus in all such matters. The woman whom he saw vehemently maintaining that her gown was worth double the price which "My Uncle" put upon it, would not have bestowed a thought on him; very probably would not have even passed a look with him, nor interrupted for a moment the strains of eloquence she was addressing to the money-lender, in favour of her gown. The pawnbroker—as pawnbrokers always in such cases are—was deaf to all her entreaties to obtain a higher estimate of the value of the article which she was submitting to him; and she was obliged to bring down her notions to his standard of value. He disdainfully flung down on the counter the three shillings at which he estimated the value of the article, and she, taking them up, left the shop,

grumbling at the smallness of the sum "My Uncle" had advanced on her "dress;" but consoling herself with the thought, that she would soon redeem it, and consequently not allow it to be thrown away in that manner. Whether she ever did redeem it, we cannot tell; but the presumption lies the other way.

The woman having quitted the pawnbroker's shop, Joseph looked timidly up and down the street to see that nobody was watching his motions, or would be cognizant of his entrance into the place. Had he been about to enter for the purpose of committing felony, he could not have appeared more confused or timid. The coast was clear, and in he went. He felt an indescribable tremor come over him as he crossed the threshold. His heart almost failed him; he felt as if he had entered a forbidden place—as if he had been committing a great crime in being there. He was scarcely cognizant of anything he saw in the shop, although objects of the most miscellaneous kind were

everywhere exhibited. At last he muttered out a sentence or two to the effect, that he wished to "get some money on this"—meaning the coat which he laid on the counter. He was unacquainted with the usual phraseology in such cases—"I want to borrow," or "get an advance" of so much money "on this surtout."

The pawnbroker contemptuously took up the parcel, unloosed the paper in which it was wrapped up, and, after having examined it very carefully, inquired in that cavalier tone and with that repulsive manner for which pawnbrokers are proverbial, "What do you want for it?"

Joseph was taken aback by the question. He had not thought of fixing a sum. After a moment's hesitation, he said, "Whatever you think it worth, sir."

"I can only advance eighteen shillings on it," said "My Uncle," eyeing Joseph, as if he had been deliberating in his own mind whether or not, from his confused manner, he ought not to conclude that the article had been stolen, and

that he should call a policeman to take Joseph into custody. After a moment's pause, as if he had decided that it was necessity, and not crime, that had brought Joseph to his premises, the money-lender repeated that eighteen shillings was all he could advance on it.

“Very well,” said Joseph, tremulously; “I’ll take it, sir.”

“My Uncle” laid down the eighteen shillings on the counter, and Joseph, with shaking hand, took them up. He hastily put the money into his pocket, and was in the act of hurriedly leaving the shop, when the pawnbroker bawled out—“Stop; you have not got your ticket.”

Joseph turned back just as he had reached the door. He had heard of pawnbrokers' duplicates; but had forgotten at the moment, or, rather, was ignorant of the fact, that it was a necessary part of the transaction between “My Uncle” and his customers, that the latter should receive duplicates. The idea of redeeming the coat had never entered his mind. The circum-

stance of Joseph being in so great a hurry to make his exit from the premises, re-awakened, in the pawnbroker's mind, the suspicion that he had come by the pledged article by dishonest means. Again he scrutinized him closely, but, after a few moments' hesitation, he inclined to the opinion at which after his first fit of doubting he had arrived—namely, that it was poverty, and not guilt, that had put Joseph in his power. He accordingly handed him the duplicate, and our hero departed.

The eighteen shillings, small as the sum was, proved of great service to Joseph. It is curious to reflect how far a very small amount of money can be made to go, when the pressure of want compels the party to limit his expenditure to the plainer necessities of life. Many a time had Joseph spent a larger sum than eighteen shillings at a single sitting in a tavern, with his former boon companions. He now felt—and the reflection was most painful—that to his extravagance and recklessness in such cases was

to be ascribed his present destitution. Having, for several months, been without anything worthy the name of a dinner, and rarely, during that period, knowing what it was to enjoy an ample meal of any kind, he now resolved that the eighteen shillings should be expended on the most absolute necessities, and on them alone. How rigidly and resolutely he acted up to this determination will be inferred from the fact, that he made the eighteen shillings supply him with provisions for four weeks, being at the average rate of ninepence or tenpence a-day.

CHAPTER X.

Makes great efforts, but without success, to obtain literary employment—Hollowness of literary friendship—Public ingratitude—A dying scene—Departed friends.

DURING the four weeks referred to at the close of the preceding chapter, Joseph had constantly occupied himself in looking out for some sort or other of literary employment. Every morning he read the various journals, in the hope that he might see something that might suit him. He, however, looked in vain. He did, indeed, see several notices in the advertising department of the papers, which he thought might possibly lead to something; but, on farther inquiry, he found they were all delusion. Advertisements under the attractive head, “Literary Assistance Wanted,” he found to

mean, that some one who had engaged in an unfortunate speculation in newspaper or literary property, wanted a victim—the “assistant” being expected to advance capital to prop up the sinking concern, and to receive a share of the profits—when there should be any—for his capital and literary labours. It need not be mentioned, that as Joseph was not the party for such persons, so neither were they for him. If he occasionally met with an advertisement, stating that an editor or reporter was wanted for a provincial paper, and ascertained that the concern was a *bonâ fide* one, he found the competitors for the prize—for such, in his altered circumstances, he would have considered it—were so numerous, that his chance would only be in the proportion of a hundred to one. The result of all the trouble he took, was only an aggravation of his misery. The advertisements which he read and answered, only excited expectations which were sure to be disappointed. And none but those who have been similarly circum-

stanced—none but those who have been doomed to experience a succession of blasted hopes, can have any idea of the wretchedness of the man whose mind has been thus exercised.

The result of the repeated frustration of Joseph's hopes, in connexion with literary pursuits, was to make him deeply regret ever having chosen literature as a profession or as a means of living. The remembrance of his past reputation as a reviewer in a weekly journal of high literary character, and as a contributor to several of the most popular periodicals of the day, only now gave additional pungency to the mortification which he felt at being excluded from the columns and the pages of all. He now saw the emptiness of literary fame; and he saw, at the same time, the hollowness of that friendship which is so often supposed to subsist between literary men. Hundreds whom Joseph had formerly obliged by lauding their works, and who had been forward to fawn upon him, and speak of him as one whose friendship they prized

above that of any man living, had not only no assistance to give him in this the hour of his need, by tendering him, in a delicate way, the temporary loan of a small sum ; but they were not sufficiently clear-sighted to recognise him as he passed them in the streets. It was truly wonderful to witness the change for the worse which their eyes had undergone in the short space of three or four months. The result of all this was, to inspire him with a disgust both for literature and literary men. He made up his mind to abjure the former ; and as for ending his intimacy with the latter, that would have been a superfluous act, seeing that the thing had already been done to his hand—that is to say, all his literary acquaintances had cut him.

There was only one individual among all his recent literary acquaintances, in reference to whom he would have made an exception—that is to say, whose friendship he reckoned to be sincere, and with whom he would, therefore,

have wished to continue on intimate and friendly terms. He was a member of one of the learned professions, and, for many years, held an influential situation connected with the daily press. Many of our readers will, no doubt, readily perceive to whom our observations point, even though, instead of mentioning his real name, we call him by that of Robert Thomson.

Mr. Thomson, a middle-aged man, was not only a person of remarkably refined literary taste, but one whose heart was full to overflowing of the milk of human kindness. He looked on the entire human race as equally the offspring of one great and gracious Parent. In every man, therefore, he recognised a brother. He was conscious that he possessed superior talents, and, as Providence had placed him in a sphere of great influence, he never for one moment forgot that a corresponding responsibility, in reference to the use he made of his influence, rested upon him. His great talents were steadily consecrated to the sacred cause of

human happiness. He laboured day and night, in season and out of season, to enlighten and humanize the minds of his fellow-men—not merely through means of the press, but even when occupied in his professional pursuits. His was a pure and ardent philanthropy. It was unsullied by any corrupt motive or purpose, and it burned with a steady and brilliant flame. The very purity and ardour, indeed, of his philanthropy, operated against his professional success, and prevented his rising to that elevated distinction which his splendid talents, had they been accompanied with more accommodating principles, could not have failed to achieve for him. His were principles of sturdy integrity : he would not yield an iota to what others, and some of them men of worth, too, would have called a justifiable expediency. The rule of his life was that of the abstract principle of right. He set out on his public career with a determination to adhere uniformly to the principle of doing what was right, without reference to the consequences.

This was a principle of action which, as it is practised but by few, was not understood by the mass of mankind. He refused to become a party man in the world of politics, though the most tempting inducements, so far as pecuniary considerations were concerned, were held out to him. He also rejected all the offers made to him to compromise his principles, by promoting the purposes of particular persons on isolated points of minor importance. The result of all this was, that he was neglected by both the great parties in the State. This will not excite surprise in the mind of any one who has had opportunities of getting behind the curtain, and, consequently, of seeing the heartless hollowness of all political factions. What was most surprising and mortifying, was the fact, that even the public, in whose service he was spending and being spent, did not seem to have any adequate sense of the claims he had on its homage and heartfelt gratitude. By the mass of his fellow-men, for whose well-being, moral and

social, he laboured with a consuming zeal, and whose nature he sought to purify and elevate—even by them was he suffered to live and labour unnoticed and unthought of.

And yet, dark as is the aspect in which it exhibits our common nature, why should we wonder at the ingratitude of mankind towards Mr. Thomson?

Is not the page of history crowded with instances of a similar kind? To what age or country shall we turn, in which we shall not find that its greatest and best men have met with similar treatment? Neglect and ingratitude are, indeed, proverbially the portion of those who have only lived to labour, from the noblest and most disinterested motives, for the good of their fellow-men. Stung with the neglect and ingratitude of mankind, thousands have died of a broken heart in the prime of life and in the midst of their usefulness; and those who have survived the painful reflection, have only done so because they were sustained by the approval of

their own consciences, and the knowledge that their services to their fellow-men were pleasing in the sight of Heaven, and would be acknowledged and rewarded in the world to come.

Joseph, as before remarked, would have been but too happy to continue his intimacy with Mr. Thomson, though resolved to have no more intercourse with those other acquaintances connected with the press, with whom he had formerly so frequently associated. That, however, could no longer be. Mr. Thomson had been some months confined to his room, chiefly to his bed, through illness; and not the slightest hopes of his ultimate recovery were held out by his medical advisers.

It was only the very day after the reflections referred to had been passing through Joseph's mind, and that he had formed the resolution just mentioned, that Mr. Thomson, addressing himself to his affectionate wife, said, "Amelia, my dear."

"Yes, Robert."

“ I feel that my end is approaching.”

“ Do you feel much worse, Robert ? ” inquired his wife, in affectionate accents, advancing to his bedside, and watching the expression of his countenance with an intensity of feeling, which those only can imagine who have leaned over the bed of a friend, in the hourly expectation of receiving the last look, and listening to the last accents of the beloved sufferer.

“ I do, Amelia, feel in a manner I have never felt before ; and I have a strong conviction, that what I feel is a premonition of the near approach of death.”

The tears poured down the cheeks of his wife as he spoke, and her eyes seemed as if they had been immoveably fixed on his countenance. Oh, the reluctance to withdraw one’s gaze from the countenance of a dying friend, when every moment is expected to be the sufferer’s last !

“ I do not think I have an hour more to live,” continued Mr. Thomson. “ The moment is at hand which is to release the spirit from my

suffering body—that eventful moment to which I have so long looked forward with so absorbing an interest.”

“ Well, Robert, come when it may, you have no reason to dread its arrival,” remarked Mrs. Thomson, in accents just only articulate enough, from] the excess of her feelings, to be understood.

“ Death,” said the dying man, “ has long been disarmed of his terrors to me. I know whom I have believed. In his atonement and perfect righteousness centre all my hopes. Will you,” he added, “ bring me Cowper’s poems?”

“ Oh yes, my dear.”

And she brought to him a copy of Cowper’s poems, which was lying on the table. He took up the volume, and turned over its pages. At length he said, “ I cannot see, Amelia. I cannot find the passage I want.”

“ Can I find it for you?” inquired Mrs. Thomson, in tender accents, putting out her hand to receive the volume.

“If you will, I shall be glad,” he replied, handing her the volume. “The passage is near the end of the fifth book of ‘The Task.’ I do not remember the page, but it begins with the words,

‘ Yet few remember them.’ ”

Mrs. Thomson, after searching for some time, found the passage, and mentioned the circumstance to her dying husband.

“Will you, then,” he said, “read it to me, as I am unable to read it myself?”

Mrs. Thomson was not at this time aware of the purport of the passage, and did not know what was occupying her husband’s mind when he wished her to read it. She commenced reading:—

“ Yet few remember them. They liv’d unknown,
Till Persecution dragg’d them into fame,
And chas’d them up to heaven.”

Here Mrs. Thomson’s feelings overcame her. The appropriateness of the passage to her husband’s case now flashed upon her mind, and

she gave vent to her emotions in a flood of tears. He held out his hand, and grasping in it that of his wife, bade her compose her feelings, and read the remaining lines. She did so, amidst sobs and tears:—

“ Their ashes flew—

No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song :
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,
The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious suff'ers little praise.”

The primary reference in this passage of Cowper, is to those who have suffered martyrdom for their religious opinions. But men whose bodies are consigned to the flames, are not the only martyrs for truth. There is a living as well as a dying martyrdom ; and there is a passive as well as an active persecution. A man may be as much persecuted by ingratitude and neglect, as by the infliction of the pains and penalties of the law. And the former persecution is often the more difficult of the two to bear. Mr. Thomson was thus per-

secuted: he lived a martyr to his virtuous principles and upright conduct; and he died, literally died of a broken heart—a heart broken by the neglect and ingratitude of his fellow-men.

The passage being read, Mr. Thomson again pressed the hand of his wife, but made no reference to what he had just heard. For several minutes he spoke not, nor attempted to speak a word. He was evidently, judging from the calm and contemplative aspect of his countenance, combined with the gentle movement of his lips, directing his prayers to the throne of that Being in whose presence he was about to appear. His intercourse with Heaven then ceased for a little season, and, turning to his wife, he said—
“Amelia.”

“Yes, Robert.”

He took her hand anew in his, and, gazing in her face, said—“In death as in life my only hope is in the finished work of my Redeemer. I die happy—God bless you.” He gazed for some moments—oh, the infinite affection there

was in that look !—on his wife. It was his last look : the words he had just spoken were his last words. In a moment more he closed his eyes, and then heaved a gentle sigh. It was the breathing out of his spirit into the bosom of his Maker. Let the author add, lest any should think otherwise, that this is no fancy picture ; it is a portraiture from life.

The death of Mr. Thomson made a deep impression on Joseph. His mind, subdued and chastened as it had recently been by a succession of painful privations, was at the time in a proper tone for profiting by such lessons as were afforded him by the death of his friend. He admired his character before, even though evincing no practical sympathy with the high and holy principles which were the guide of his life ; and now that he was gone, he saw a double beauty in the sterling rectitude of his conduct. Deeply did he deplore the circumstance of his not having cultivated his acquaintance more ; but regrets were unavailing now. It is always

thus : we never duly appreciate moral worth, when that worth is among us. It is only when it is gone—when he in whose words and actions it received a living embodiment, has been translated from our world to a purer and happier sphere, that we perceive its full value, and abandon ourselves to vain regrets that we did not more highly prize, and more studiously court, the society of him whose loss we deplore.

CHAPTER XI.

Joseph obliged to revisit the pawnbroker's — Pawnbroker's manners — Increasing pressure of Joseph's circumstances — Leaves his lodgings.

THE small sum, referred to in the last chapter but one, as having been procured at the pawnbroker's, was now gone, notwithstanding all the economy which Joseph could practise. He was consequently once more without the means of purchasing the most humble meal. What was to be done? A little reflection on the subject satisfied him, that the only resource for him, if he would escape actual starvation, was in another visit to the money-lender. That point, therefore, was decided. The only question was, as to the article on which he should solicit a small sum, wherewith to administer to his more

urgent necessities. Anxious to keep up, as long as possible, a respectable appearance, he resolved on retaining, as long as he could, his outward apparel. The conclusion, therefore, to which he came was, to deposit in the pawnbroker's hands four of his best shirts. With these he accordingly proceeded to "My Uncle's," and, though still feeling considerably embarrassed at the idea of entering a pawnbroker's on such an errand, the measure of that embarrassment bore no comparison to that which he had experienced on his first visit. He entered the shop, stating the purpose—which, however, was almost unnecessary—for which he had come. "My Uncle" snatched up the parcel as before, untied it, narrowly inspected the condition of the articles, and gruffly put the question—"How much do you want for these?"

Joseph, instead of, as on the former occasion, replying, "Whatever you think them worth," said he expected to get thirty shillings, each of

the shirts having cost him eighteen shillings, and neither of them being much worn.

“Can’t give it,” remarked the man of pledges, in a surly tone, contemptuously flinging down the shirts on that part of the counter where Joseph stood.

“Then what will you give?” inquired Joseph.

“Can’t advance more than a sovereign,” replied the pawnbroker.

“Make it twenty-five shillings,” said Joseph.

“Not a farthing more,” pursued “My Uncle,” abruptly turning away from his customer, and proceeding to adjust some articles in the window.

“Then I suppose I must take it, though it is a great deal too little,” remarked Joseph.

The pawnbroker took the articles, threw them under the counter, tossed down a sovereign, put his hand into a drawer, drew out a ticket, made the necessary entries thereon, and then flung it also on the counter, in imitation of

the scornful way in which he had thrown down the sovereign but a few minutes before.

What will not necessity make men submit to? But for the dire necessity of Joseph's situation, he would have flung both the sovereign and the duplicate in the other's face, and, very likely, have made several hurried "plantations" of his fist in the same locality—to the bargain. He was painfully alive to the insulting demeanour of the person with whom he was, unfortunately for himself, transacting business; but still he felt obliged to sacrifice his feelings to his necessities. He accordingly took up the sovereign and the duplicate, and walked out of the shop without saying a word. He went to his home—if home, where there was nothing but destitution and misery, it could be called—and mused over the painful position in which his own follies had placed him, until he felt as if his heart would actually break.

His history for the next four weeks offered a repetition of that of the previous month. For

that length of time he continued to live, or, rather, to exist, on his twenty shillings. The last penny being at length gone, and not a morsel of food in his apartment, there was no other alternative for him but to resort again to the pawnbroker. Other four shirts followed the example of the four previously mentioned, and in another month, the remaining four, all he had, travelled the same road. In six weeks more, every article in his possession, with an exception afterwards to be mentioned, was also gone. His only clothing now consisted of what was on his back, and that was every day diminishing in value, as well as suffering in appearance. Hitherto he had been paying three shillings for the wretched room in which he vegetated; and his landlady, with the shrewdness characteristic of her class, perceiving that matters were weekly getting worse with her lodger, took care that he should not be suffered to fall in arrears to her. Every Saturday evening she applied for her money;

and, if he begged to be allowed to let it stand over till next week, she became so clamorous and so importunate in her applications, that he would rather have died of absolute want than have submitted to the movements of her tongue. The predicament, therefore, in which he found himself at last placed was this—either he must perish of hunger in his present lodgings, or he must seek some hole in which to lodge, where the rent would not be half so much. For the last fortnight he had lived on three-pennyworth of bread and a morsel of cheese a-day, in order that, out of the few shillings he had still in his possession, he might have wherewith to meet his landlady's weekly application for the rent of his room. He found his physical frame sinking under his privations; and saw that, if he were much longer forced to live on the same inadequate supply of food, his death would be inevitable. He therefore gave his landlady a week's notice of his intention to leave, and, at the expiry of the time, he accordingly quitted.

But where he went nobody knew. He gave not the slightest intimation to the landlady whose lodgings he had left. Indeed, as there had been nothing in her conduct so kindly as to induce him to mention the place, so there was nothing in his present circumstances to render it necessary that he should give her the information. No one had called on him of late; he had received no letters, except answers to unsuccessful applications for some sort of employment or other; for latterly he would have been but too happy to become the veriest drudge, as clerk in any office or otherwise, so as that he could have thereby got only a guinea or sovereign a-week. He meant, however, to make no farther applications for employment of any kind; for to such straits had he been reduced in the article of apparel, that he was no longer fit to be seen in public, and, consequently, was not in a condition to accept of any situation or other employment requiring his being seen, even had it been offered to him.

What, then, was to become of him? That was a question which often occurred to his mind, but it was one which he could not answer. He saw no prospect before him but eventual death, from want of the necessities of life; and yet, with that love of life which is so characteristic of human nature in general, but which is peculiarly so of the most wretched and forlorn of mankind, he clung to existence with a greater tenacity of grasp than ever. Suicide, which had repeatedly (as before mentioned) suggested itself to his mind, in the beginning of his reverses, as a refuge for the ills of earth, was now never thought of; or, if it did come across his mind, it was only to be immediately followed by a perfect horror at the very idea.

Two days after he had left, a gentleman called at the lodgings he had just quitted. On inquiring for Joseph, his late landlady mentioned that he was no longer a lodger of hers. The stranger, thinking that he might only be denying himself, because not in a condition to

see any one who might call, said—"My name is Freeling. Will you give Mr. Jenkins my card, and, *if* he is in, he will be happy to see me." Mr. Freeling, who was a friend of Mr. Lovegood, and met with Joseph in Mr. L.'s house, offered his card to the landlady ; but she did not take it, repeating, with additional emphasis, her assurance that Mr. Jenkins had left her premises, and that she had not the remotest idea where he was gone. Mr. Freeling returned home quite disappointed at not having seen Joseph, or obtained any clue as to where he was to be seen.

CHAPTER XII.

Joseph's new lodgings—Painfulness of his position, in consequence of the conflict between his necessities and feelings — Resolves to advertise for a wife with money — The issue of the expedient.

WE must now so far, for the moment, anticipate the future, as to mention that, though no one knew to what place Joseph had repaired when he left his last lodging, that his new abode was in a miserable alley leading from Drury Lane.

He now again changed his mind, and resolved to renew his efforts to do something for a subsistence. Scheme after scheme for retrieving his ruined fortunes suggested itself to his mind; but many of his projects were of so impracticable, if not absurd, a na-

ture, that no sooner had he formed them, than he saw, bewildered though his mind now was, that they must be abandoned. Indeed, he felt not only surprised at his own folly, but ashamed of himself, because of the supremely ridiculous ideas that presented themselves to him, as pointing out the probable means of rescuing himself from the painful position in which he was placed. Among these, was the idea of advertising for a wife with a limited fortune, or a small annuity; for his notions did not soar so high as a handsome fortune. His mind was so chastened, and his spirit so subdued, by his recent adversities, that he would have been contented with anything, either in the shape of employment, or in the shape of a wife, possessed of such means as would suffice to place him above absolute want. And it will invariably be found to be so, in the case of those who are reduced, as he was, to the very verge of starvation. However elevated their notions may become, after they have been

snatched from the doom of death, with which they were menaced, from the absence of the necessaries of life—they are, for the moment, so humbled and abased as that they fancy they could be the most contented and happiest of men, were their bread and water henceforth to be made sure. Joseph's books, tenaciously as he had clung to them, were by this time all in the pawnbroker's hands; and the only articles now in his possession on which he could raise a trifling amount, were the trinkets of his mother, referred to in a former chapter. These trinkets consisted of a brooch, in which was placed a small portion of his father's hair, and two rings, one of which he always wore on his finger. The brooch was peculiarly dear to him, because it had been so to his mother; and the rings he had always resolved not to part with, unless his life should be placed in the most imminent jeopardy, for want of food. At all events, he had made up his mind to try the effect of an advertisement

for a wife with a limited competency, before having recourse to the pawnbroker with either of the articles in question. Previously, however, to sending his advertisement to the "Morning Herald," it was necessary that he should have the money wherewith to pay for it. And whence was this to come? There was no alternative but to pledge either of the three trinkets. Which of them was it to be? The brooch, after a moment's reflection, he set aside as out of the question. Rather, he resolved in his own mind, than part with it, he would part with life—would submit to die of want. So he thought at the time, and so have many, in similar circumstances, thought, until the extremity of their case had reached its climax. Eventually, after much deliberation and carefully weighing the respective claims of the two rings to be spared the stigma of being deposited in a pawnbroker's drawers, to be, in the course of time, exhibited in his window—Joseph decided as to which he should place in

pledge for the loan of a small sum. Before, however, proceeding to "My Uncle's," he thought it would be as well to draw up his intended advertisement—as, if that were once done to his mind, he could proceed directly from the pawnbroker's, when he had got the money, to the office of the "Morning Herald," and have it inserted at once. He accordingly began to draw up an advertisement, announcing that he was willing to negotiate with any lady of an unexceptionable character, agreeable manners, good temper, possessed of a limited fortune, or moderate annuity, and whose age did not exceed forty-five. The fact was, though he enumerated these various conditions as necessary in any lady who was open to a matrimonial negotiation with him, he would have departed from either and all of them but one; or, at all events, would not have been very difficult to deal with, in relation to the others. The essential qualification with him—the grand attraction on the part of the lady, was the possession of such

a sum, at her own disposal, as would relieve his mind for ever afterwards from the apprehensions he now felt of actually dying of want.

So much for the part of the advertisement which related to the lady. Now he had to apply himself to that part of it, equally necessary with the other, which referred to himself. This he found to be a more difficult and delicate matter than in the case of the lady. How should he describe himself? The question, when put to his own mind, quite confounded him. Even to convey an idea of his age, he found to be a very perplexing task. He knew his age was thirty-five; but he was at a loss to know whether or not he ought to prefix a statement of the fact by calling himself a "young man." He was even doubtful whether he ought to give his real age. It was a question whether it would not be advisable to represent himself as six or seven years older than he was; for he felt that his recent reverses had added fully that number of years to his *seeming* age.

And he thought, in his own mind, that if his advertisement should have the effect of bringing him in contact with any lady, she would—concluding that he was at least forty-one or forty-two—reason with herself that, if he deceived her on this point, he might deceive her on any other: consequently the acquaintance might be nipped in the bud. Eventually he came to the conclusion, that he had better defer the farther consideration of the question of age, until he had made up his mind as to the wording of the other parts of the advertisement. It was customary for matrimonial advertisers to be very eloquent in praise of their mental qualities, and not to fall below the truth in the description of their personal attractions. Was he to follow the general practice? Was he to represent himself as a man of excellent disposition, affectionate feelings, gentlemanly manners, strictly moral conduct, the possessor of a cultivated mind, and the business of whose life it would be to make the partner of his bosom

happy? The question was not with him, whether this was altogether or partly true. Even supposing he felt conscious that it was literally true, it occurred to him, whether such a eulogium would come with a good grace from himself; whether, if pronounced or written at all, it would not be more becomingly pronounced by other lips, or written with other pen, than his. He recoiled at the thought of sending such an encomium on himself to the press; and, under the influence of that feeling, put his pen through the eulogistic passage. And yet, what if something self-laudatory were essential to the success of his scheme? What if the absence of some flattering representation of himself, personally and mentally, should be fatal to the expedient to which he was about to have recourse? He had no money to spare in first trying the experiment in one way, and then, if unsuccessful, resorting to another mode of accomplishing his purpose.

The more he thought on the subject, the

greater did his perplexity become. At length, after much painful deliberation, and carefully weighing the matter in all its bearings, he resolved on coming to a compromise between his feelings and his chances of a successful issue to his experiment. He determined to praise himself, deeming that to be indispensable; but then he also determined, that he should considerably moderate the eulogy he had penned. To hit the happy medium he aimed at, he found to be one of the most difficult tasks he had ever undertaken. Experienced as he was in composition, he here found himself wholly at fault. Repeated were the attempts he made to draw up a description of himself which should neither lower him in his own estimation, nor diminish the chances of a successful result to the novel experiment he was about to make. For hours he deliberated and wrote; and then reversed his resolutions, and cancelled his manuscript. At length he produced the following:—"MATRIMONY.—A gentleman under forty years of

age, devotedly attached to literary pursuits, of kindly disposition and agreeable manners, is desirous of meeting with a lady, possessed of some property, and of an age and disposition similar to his own—with whom to enter into a matrimonial union. The most entire secrecy may be relied on. Letters, *post paid*—(a most essential condition in the circumstances in which Joseph was then placed)—“to be addressed to J. J., at the Twopenny Post-office, Drury Lane.”

Joseph again and again read this advertisement, and suddenly summing up the requisite resolution, left his lodgings to proceed with it to the office in Catherine Street—calling at a pawnbroker’s on the way, to “raise,” on the ring before referred to, the means wherewith to pay for its insertion. Just as he had quitted “My Uncle’s” an idea struck him—and he was amazed that it should not have struck him before—namely, that it would be a very awkward thing to present such an advertisement himself,

as the very heading would necessarily attract the attention of the clerks in the office, and place him in a very unpleasant position. Indeed, it was very possible that, though the clerks were unknown to him, he might, having been so long connected with the press, be known to them. What, then, was to be done? He could not intrust any one else with the presentation of such an advertisement, lest his secret should ooze out. And yet he knew, on the other hand, that the transmission of the money was necessary to the appearance of the advertisement. The idea at length suggested itself to him—and perhaps the hint may not be lost on others who may be similarly circumstanced—that the proper course for him would be, to drop the advertisement into the letter-box, enclosing the money along with it. But, then, how was he to know the price? He knew that, according to the scale of most, if not all of the morning papers, the price, if the number of lines was under fifteen, did not

exceed seven shillings. He procured a copy of the "Morning Herald," and by calculating the number of words in his advertisement, and the number of words which went to make up fifteen lines in that journal, he found that he was within the seven-shilling limits. He accordingly enclosed that amount with his advertisement, and dropped the package into the letter-box after the evening had become dark. Next morning the advertisement appeared. To describe the feelings with which Joseph read it, were impossible. A dimness came over his eyes, and a dizziness seized his head. He felt that he had taken a desperate step. Still it was taken, and he resolved to await the issue with all the calmness he could command.

Eventful as had been the career of Joseph, he felt that this was emphatically an era in his existence. No pen can describe the emotions that now agitated his mind, as he waited the result of the extraordinary expedient to which he had resorted. "Will there be any an-

swers to the advertisement?" "Will there be many?" "What will be their character?" "Will any one take advantage of the circumstance of my advertising for a wife, to attempt to practise a hoax at my expense?" These were among the questions which ever and anon suggested themselves to his anxious mind; and the only answer he could give was, that the event alone would decide. He could not reasonably expect any answer sooner than the middle of the day, there not being time for an answer before then. When the clock struck twelve, his bosom began to beat with a more hurried pulsation than he had ever experienced before. Why it did so at that particular moment, he could hardly tell. The question now, for the first time, occurred to him, how were the answers, supposing there were to be any, to be obtained from the two-penny post-office in Drury Lane? He was afraid to go there himself, lest the advertisement should have been observed by the person taking charge of the let-

ters, and Joseph be at once identified as the party advertising. To ask the children of any of the family living in the same house as that in which he now lodged, to go to the post-office to inquire for letters addressed "J. J.," would, he also thought, be a rather dangerous course—as even in the event of the real character of the letters not being ascertained, some strange suspicions might be formed as to who or what a person could be who was afraid to give his real name and address. Eventually he employed the boy of a widow living in the neighbourhood, to call every two hours at the post-office, and inquire whether there were any letters agreeable to the address he had given, and which he wrote on a slip of paper. One letter in answer to his advertisement was received at two o'clock, another at four, and a third, and the last, about seven in the evening. Each of the three writers represented herself as possessing considerable property, and intimated her willingness to enter into a correspondence on the

subject of Joseph's advertisement. All spoke in decided terms of their virtuous principles and affectionate disposition—concluding their notes with an assurance that, should they be fortunate enough to come to a matrimonial arrangement with “J. J.,” it would be the great object of their lives to render him perfectly happy.

One of the three answers was written in so masculine a hand, that Joseph doubted whether it was a lady's production at all. He had strong suspicions that it was a man's hand disguised, and that the letter was the result of some heartless scheme to trifle with his feelings. It was therefore flung into the fire at once. The second had every appearance of being a feminine emanation; but from the miserable spelling, and the wretched composition, it was as clear as the most obvious mathematical proposition, that the writer could not be a person of any education whatever; while there were some expressions in the epistle, which conclusively showed that she must be a woman of an

essentially vulgar mind. The third letter was written in an elegant lady-like hand, and altogether proved itself to be the production of a cultivated mind. It was signed “Matilda,” and talked emphatically of the importance of the strictest secrecy being observed; as, though her fortune was entirely at her own disposal, she was unwilling that any of her friends should ever know she had resorted to such a step as answering an advertisement for a wife. Joseph was delighted with this letter; and already regarded the fair writer as his wife-elect. He replied to her note without a moment’s delay; expressing his conviction that, on a better acquaintance with each other, they would respectively find that they possessed that community of feeling and similarity of tastes so necessary to matrimonial bliss. To this sentiment “Matilda” responded the moment she received the “J. J.” letter; assuring her unknown lover, and, she trusted, destined husband, that she was convinced they were formed for each other’s

society, and that their union would be productive of unspeakable happiness. She added that, if it should be found they were similar in their views, pursuits, and feelings, the £450 a-year settled on her for life and entirely at her disposal, would suffice, with good management, to place them beyond the anxieties which so generally arise from pecuniary pressure.

Joseph was in ecstasies with this letter. Here, as if by the purest accident, had come out the very information he was so anxious to obtain, but which, from feelings of delicacy to the lady, he could never have sought to acquire by putting the question as to the amount of her fortune, directly to her. A most affectionate correspondence was carried on for several days by the unknown lovers, each discovering in the other all the qualities calculated to conduce to matrimonial happiness. Matters ripened apace; and the lady at length hinted the propriety of a personal interview, when they could make a more unreserved expression of their feelings to

each other, than they could do by letter; and when the necessary arrangements for their marriage could be made. Joseph was pleased with the suggestion; because, in the first place, it betokened confidence in her own person, principles, and pecuniary possessions; and, in the second, because it showed that she was in earnest in the negotiation that had been going on between them. The only question was, how could he see her in his faded clothing? To have an interview with her—and the first interview, too—in a suit of apparel which, from the wear and tear it had undergone, was fitter for the locality of Rag Fair than lady's eyes, was out of the question. It might prove fatal to his hopes—might in a moment blast all his fondly-cherished prospects of future happiness. Not an instant was to be lost. “Matilda” was burning with impatience personally to see her lover, whom hitherto she had only seen in imagination. And if she were much longer denied the gratification, it was impossible to say what would

be the consequences. An idea struck the mind of Joseph. Hitherto he had determined not, on any account, to part with the brooch which had belonged to his mother—a trinket, as before mentioned, dear to her heart, because it contained a portion of the hair of her husband; and dear to Joseph’s heart, because it had been so dear to that of his mother. But now it occurred to him, that to pledge it, would not be to sell it: it would only be to transfer it to the care of another for a few weeks, by which time, he had no doubt of being the husband of “Matilda,” and, consequently, in circumstances to rescue the brooch from the clutches of “My Uncle.” The article was valuable: those who knew its value, said it was worth at least ten guineas. To the pawnbroker he at once repaired, and procured on it an advance of £7.

Of this sum he expended £6 in procuring a new suit of clothes, wherein to meet “Matilda.” The clothes being got, he fixed, at her request, a time and place for an interview. This was

on a Wednesday; and he proposed Friday. “Matilda” said she had made a previous promise to spend Friday and Saturday with a lady friend, and thought it better not to excite the suspicions of her friends by breaking her promise; but any day, any hour, any place, next week, which Joseph might name, would suit her. Eager for the interview, now that he was in a condition to be seen, Joseph named a confectioner’s shop in the Strand, as the place of meeting, and a particular hour on Monday, as the time. “Matilda” wrote him back, that the appointment was in every respect to her mind, and that she would be at the place, “punctual as lover to the moment sworn.” It ought to be here remarked, that the lovers had previously agreed between themselves as to the distinctive marks by which they should know each other when they met.

The interval appeared an age to Joseph. He spent it in meditating on what he should do, and how he should spend his time, when he

became the possessor of Matilda and £450 a-year. One thing he had resolved on. After the reverses he had undergone, he would not, in his new relation of a married man, remain in London. Devonshire was an excellent place, and on £450 a-year, he and Mrs. Jenkins could there live in princely splendour. The Continent, too, was cheap, and possessed various other attractions. Should they settle in Devonshire, or repair to the Continent? After cogitating for some time on the question, it occurred to Joseph that it was but proper that his intended wife should have a voice in the matter; and that he ought, therefore, to reserve the farther consideration of it until after they were married. Meantime, Monday was steadily though slowly approaching; and the nearer the time arrived for the appointed meeting, the more intense did Joseph's anxiety become to enclose "Matilda" in his arms. What he felt in his waking thoughts, what he dreamed in the moments of his partial repose, we will not undertake to describe, be-

cause his feelings were not of a kind to admit of description. The hour, though sluggish in its advances, did at length arrive. Joseph was in the confectioner's shop the moment St. Martin's clock struck the appointed time. As he could not mention the nature of his errand, he wished to convey the idea that he had dropped in for the purpose of taking some refreshment. With the view of strengthening this impression, he commenced ordering and eating sweetmeats with a princely liberality. He momentarily expected the object of his affections; he could not say the delight of his eyes, as he had not yet been privileged to obtain even a glance of her. Still, there was no appearance of "Matilda." He continued to hope that she would "be presently." Meanwhile, he persevered in the work of stuffing himself with sponge-cakes and other sweetmeats, until he ran a risk of sharing the fate of the frog in the fable; though not exactly from the same cause. A full hour—and it was the longest

Joseph had ever spent—elapsed without any symptom of his intended wife appearing.

This was alarming ; it was disheartening in the extreme. And, to aggravate the evil—if, indeed, an evil of such immeasurable magnitude could admit of aggravation—having already, as just mentioned, half killed himself with eating sweetmeats, he was now unable, even had he been willing, to swallow a morsel more. What, then, was he to do ; for he felt it would be awkward to remain where he was without eating something. He bethought himself of quitting the shop and taking his station outside, where he could see every person who entered. Many made their entrances and their exits, but no lady was to be seen that bore any resemblance to *his* lady. For two long hours Joseph faithfully watched outside ; and, it being now three hours beyond the appointed time, he resolved to return home, to apprise her by letter of her non-observance of her appointment, and ascertain the reason. A thousand things presented

themselves to his excited mind as the probable cause of the non-fulfilment of "Matilda's" engagement. She may have been suddenly seized with illness ; she may have met with some accident ; she may have been induced, by some half-moral, half-physical-force agency, of which he was ignorant, to protract her visit for a few days longer at the house of her lady friend, where she was to have spent the Friday and Saturday ; or, worst of all, her relations may have discovered the correspondence that had taken place between her and himself, and, to prevent the marriage, may have caused her to be put out of the way.

Such were some of Joseph's fears and conjectures, as he returned home. On reaching his miserable room in the upper story of the house in which he lived, he found a letter lying on the table. It was from "Matilda." He eagerly snatched it up, broke open the seal, and read the contents. It explained all in a few words. It was as follows :—

“ Monday Morning.

“ Dear Sir—You will no doubt be surprised at finding that I have not kept my appointment with you this morning. The reason is that, before this note can reach you, I shall be the wife of another. I am sorry that matters should have proceeded so far between us; but, be assured that, when we commenced our correspondence, I not only had not the remotest idea of being married to him who, within two hours from this date, will lead me to the hymeneal altar, but did not even know there was such a gentleman in existence. We met accidentally, and, being pleased with each other, are now on the eve of becoming husband and wife. I am sure you will pardon me for uniting my destinies with those of a man whom I have seen, in preference to marrying a man whom I have not seen. Believe me to remain,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your sincere Friend,

“ MATILDA.”

Was Joseph alive or dead—asleep or awake—in his senses or out of them—when he read this letter? Some one else might have answered the questions, but he could not. He went out, and came in again in a few minutes, paced the room to and fro, lay down on his bed and rose up. His landlady was alarmed at his agitated manner, but did not know whether or not she ought to interfere. He remained in his apartment until dark, and then walking down-stairs with a bundle under his arm, paid his landlady a week's lodgings, which happened to be due that very day. In doing this he exchanged not a word with her. He then hurriedly quitted the place. He did not return; indeed, she scarcely expected he would. She made sure, in her own mind, that he had proceeded forthwith to some place for the purpose of committing suicide. She deeply regretted that she had not followed him, and given information to the first policeman she saw, in order that he might be prevented from laying violent hands on him-

self. To follow him now would be unavailing, as she knew not what direction he had taken. —For some days afterwards she eagerly looked in the papers for accounts of suicides, but found none that would answer that of the individual in whose fate she felt an interest.

CHAPTER XIII.

Efforts of congregational associations to ameliorate the condition of the suffering poor—State of the population in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane—An instance given of Christian benevolence—A distressed family—A stranger.

CONNECTED with every place of worship in the metropolis, where the congregation is large, and the doctrines preached are evangelical, there is, as mentioned at length in the author's "Lights and Shadows of London Life," a society or association having for its special object the administration of temporal relief, in conjunction with spiritual advice, to the poorer inhabitants of the district in which the church or chapel is situated. Few persons have any idea of the great amount of good which is effected by means of this comparatively unknown instrumentality. The author testifies to facts which have come

under his own observation, when he says, that thousands of persons in the most extreme indigence, who, in all probability, must otherwise have perished from want of the necessaries of life, have, through the agency in question, had their immediate necessities supplied, and received continued assistance until either some permanent provision has been made for them, or they have been put in the way of making provision for themselves. Persons, too, labouring under dangerous maladies, often, through the same merciful agency, receive, gratuitously, the best medical advice ; and numerous instances could be given, in which the opportune medical aid so afforded has been—so far as the human eye could perceive—the means of rescuing the parties from an otherwise inevitable grave. Clothes also, as well as food and medicine, are given, where clothes are particularly needed. In a word, all the temporal necessities of the destitute poor, are ministered to by the hand of congregational charity. But the great feature,

and, to the religious mind the grand recommendation, of the associations in question, consists in the invariable connexion which exists between the temporal relief administered, and the spiritual advice given. The well-being of the soul is, indeed, the principal object sought to be gained. The supply of temporal wants, though important, and to be, in the estimation of every benevolent mind, desired on its own account, is regarded, compared with spiritual benefit, as of subordinate importance. Philosophy, however, teaches, and experience confirms the language of philosophy, that no means are so effectual for reaching the hearts of those who are unconcerned about divine things, as those which seek to reach them through the medium of their temporal interests. When the visitors of these societies go into the cellars and garrets of the poorer districts of the metropolis, with not only the Bible, or religious tracts, in their pockets, but the accents of temporal sympathy on their lips, and the fruits of charity in their

hands; when, if it be necessary to employ another phraseology, they preface their religious counsels by furnishing the parties with the means of temporal relief—then the probabilities that their spiritual mission will be successful, are greatly increased. The wretched objects of their compassion are convinced, that the concern expressed for their spiritual well-being is sincere when they experience a previous proof of the disposition of their visitors to ameliorate their temporal condition. The administration of temporal assistance according to the peculiar circumstances of the parties requiring the aid, has a wonderful tendency to open the mind to the reception of divine truth. Many a hardened deist—nay, many a confirmed atheist has been known to bow down before the mighty moral power with which the messenger of temporal mercy is clothed. The most inveterate foes to Christianity cannot, even if they would, divest their minds of the conviction, that there must be something essentially excel-

lent in a system of faith which disposes those who have embraced it, not only to spend as much as they can spare of their worldly substance, consistently with the claims which their own families have upon them, in relieving the necessities of others—even of those who are hostile to their religious views—but also to forego the pleasures of society, in order that they may personally visit the abodes of the destitute, and seek out the haunts of the wretched and forlorn. Many a poor miserable infidel has asked himself, when his wants have been ministered to by the hand of Christian beneficence—“Has infidelity ever sent its emissaries in the character of messengers of mercy to me; seeking me out in my miserable hovel, whispering into my ear words of tenderness, affectionately grasping my shrivelled hand, and supplying my bodily wants?” The answer to the question invariably is, “Never.” Infidelity does nothing of the kind. It has been reserved for Christianity to do this. The

religion of Jesus alone performs offices of charity and mercy.

On the list of visitors of one of these societies belonging to a congregation in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane, was to be found the name of Mr. Freeling. Mr. Lovegood had been a member in the same place of worship; and it was through their there constantly meeting together, that they had become acquainted. Entertaining the same principles on all the more essential points in the Christian system—both being men of cultivated minds—and equally influenced by a desire to consecrate themselves to the service of their Divine Master, and to promote the good of their fellow-creatures—their acquaintance soon ripened into a close and cordial friendship. The remembrance of having seen Mr. Jenkins at Mr. Lovegood's house, and the interest which the latter had expressed in Joseph's welfare, made Mr. Freeling anxious, after his friend's death, to ascertain how Joseph was getting on in the world. Circumstances pre-

vented his calling on Joseph immediately after Mr. Lovegood's death. When he did call, he found, in answer to inquiries he made, that Joseph had lost his situation, and had left his former lodging. He anxiously inquired of his late landlady whether she could inform him to what place Joseph had gone. She could not give him the desired information. The result, therefore, of the call being so unsatisfactory, as to hold out no hope of his ever being able to ascertain whither Joseph had now repaired, Mr. Freeling had well-nigh ceased to think of him.

Perhaps there are few places in London in which its poorer population are more densely crowded together, than in that part of Gray's Inn Lane, which is opposite the eastern end of Gray's Inn Hall. There, whole families of five, six, seven, eight, and sometimes nine, are crowded into small rooms, varying from twelve to fourteen feet square. In many of the houses, there are eight or ten of these rooms, each

tenanted by its own family. How human beings can contrive to breathe in such places—especially as the adjoining courts and alleys, and, indeed, the locality altogether, are ever filled with a confined and impure atmosphere—is one of those mysteries which are so numerous in the economy of metropolitan life. It need scarcely be mentioned, that this deplorable want of accommodation is accompanied, in the majority of cases, by all the wretchedness arising from extreme destitution. Nothing, indeed, as will at once occur to the mind of the reader, but the most abject poverty could ever induce human beings thus to herd together, like so many pigs, in such small confined apartments—apartments so small and confined, as scarcely to admit of their moving about at all, when the whole family are “at home.” The aspect of wretchedness which these hovels exhibit, and the aspect of misery which the inmates themselves present, admits not of description. It is not even to be conceived. It is a thing which,

to be realized by the mind, must be seen by the eye.

To visit, as frequently as possible, the unfortunate creatures dragging out a wretched existence in this locality, was one of the benevolent objects which Mr. Freeling had proposed to himself for some years past. One particular house he had not visited for ten weeks. The day, indeed, on which he had last visited the families in it, was that on which he had made the fruitless inquiry after Joseph Jenkins. One of the families occupied a wretched room in the top of the house. The eldest of four children, a girl twelve years of age, was then complaining of illness; but was not confined to bed—if, indeed, it be not a misnomer to call by that name the small quantity of straw, covered over with a mass of rags, which lay in a corner. On revisiting the family, Mr. Freeling found the young creature unable any longer to move about. She was in the last stage of consumption. It was the winter season; the day was

bitter cold, with the wind blowing strong. There was a handful of coals burning in the fire-place, but so small as to be only sensible to the eye ; they did not, in any perceptible degree, raise the temperature of the miserable garret. There was an apology for a window, but every pane was broken. Some of the broken panes were stopped up with rags ; others had pieces of paper pasted over them ; and some had nothing at all. The piercing wind came whistling into the place ; so did rain or sleet, when the weather was rainy or sleety. Mr. Freeling had deeply felt for this family, because of the destitution and wretchedness he had seen in the place on his former visits, even when the weather was genial, and there was no serious illness in it. Now he felt for the family with a peculiarly deep compassion. The father had been many weeks out of employ : the mother had a child at the breast, and was, in addition to the prostration of physical strength consequent on the privation of necessary food, suf-

fering much from the effects of a neglected confinement. And now, to all the other afflictive dispensations of Providence, was added the hopeless condition in which, as regarded her bodily health, their eldest daughter was placed. The prospective loss of their daughter, a very interesting and dutiful girl, pressed the more heavily on the parents, inasmuch as she had reached that age in which she was beginning to be of great assistance to her mother. Still they were wonderfully resigned to the painful event which they knew to be at hand. Mr. Freeling imagined he saw in both a subduedness of spirit and mildness of manner which he had not observed in any of his previous visits. And this struck him as more remarkable, because they were now in more trying circumstances than any in which he had ever seen them before. He was about to make an allusion to the circumstance, with the view of ascertaining whether the conclusion to which he had come was or was not correct, when the

father remarked—"Ah, sir, we shall ever have cause to bless God, in more senses than one, for having sent you here."

"None would be more happy than myself, were that the case," said Mr. Freeling.

"It is the case, sir. You have been the means of not only often relieving our temporal wants, but of doing us spiritual good."

"I am delighted to hear it: would you be kind enough to tell me in what way?"

"You remember the last visit you kindly paid us."

"I do," replied Mr. Freeling: "it was about ten weeks ago."

"And you remember that, on that occasion, you particularly addressed yourself to Sarah, our eldest daughter, then slightly complaining of illness, but not supposing herself, nor being supposed by us, to be seriously ill."

"I remember it quite well. I remember also the substance of my observations to her."

"And that you put into her hand a tract,

entitled ‘The Uncertainty of Life—The Certainty of Death.’”

“I have a distinct recollection of the circumstance. That tract has been blessed for the conversion of many.”

“It has, in conjunction with your remarks and prayer on the occasion, been blessed for her conversion. She is now sensible that she is dying ; but, relying on the finished work of her Redeemer, is calm and composed in the prospect of the solemn event that is before her.”

The full amount of the joy which Mr. Freeling experienced on hearing this, can only be conceived by a Christian mind. A conversation of a very serious character—too serious, indeed, for the pages of a work principally devoted to light literature—ensued between Mr. Freeling and the dying daughter. The result of that conversation was, to leave a decided conviction on Mr. Freeling’s mind, not only that the dying girl had been truly converted, but that impressions which promised to termi-

nate in an entire transformation of character had been made, through her instrumentality, on the minds of the father and mother. Mr. Freeling, after having administered to the temporal necessities of the family for that night—he having no more money with him at the time than would barely suffice for the night—quitted the place, mentioning that he would revisit them on the following day, and bring with him a medical man, in the hope that, though no human means were likely to avail for the recovery of their daughter, something might be done to abate the severity of her cough, and otherwise lessen her sufferings. The father and mother of the dying girl having severally expressed their heartfelt thanks to Mr. Freeling for his kindness, he took his departure.

“I’m quite delighted,” said the father, “that he (meaning Mr. Freeling) is to bring a medical man with him to-morrow; not so much on account of poor Sarah, as I fear that nothing can be done to lessen her sufferings, as on

account of the stranger in the back room ; for he has been very ill for the last few days."

The mother of the dying girl, to whom this was addressed, expressed herself to the same effect.

The party of whom they were speaking was a young man, seemingly about thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, who had taken, some time previously, at a shilling a-week, the back garret of the house. There was a great deal of mystery about him. He was reserved in his manner, never exchanging more than two or three common-place phrases with the other persons living in the house. And yet all who saw him felt interested in him. He never went out in the day-time ; but generally quitted his wretched abode, for about an hour after it had become dark. For the last three days he had not risen from his miserable pallet, consisting of some shavings of wood thrown down in a corner of the room, and imperfectly kept together by two broken chairs. On inquiry, it was found that he was very unwell ; his illness being

brought on by the want of the necessaries of life, and the cold to which he had been exposed in the garret in which he had shut himself up.

The father of the family just visited by Mr. Freeling, mentioned to the sick person that that gentleman had kindly promised to call next day with a medical man to see his daughter ; adding, that, if agreeable, he would ask the doctor to see him. The sick man assented, and after a few words more the other asked him if he would accept of a slice of bread and a cup of coffee, which they had been able to procure through the benevolence of the gentleman who had visited them. The sick stranger, who had eaten nothing for the last three days, with the exception of a fragment of a penny roll, gladly and gratefully said he would. The cup of coffee and slice of bread were brought to him : it need not be added how great was the zest with which he partook of them. The other then inquired, whether there was anything else he could do for him.

“Nothing,” was the answer.

“If you feel worse in the course of the night,
will you call?”

“I will.”

“Then good night.”

“Good night.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Kindly feelings of the poor towards each other—A father's feelings—Mr. Freeling and a medical friend revisit the family introduced in the previous chapter—Their dying daughter—The stranger alluded to in the last chapter—A scene of suffering.

It is pleasing to reflect on the kindly feelings which the poor thus display towards each other. They cheerfully share whatever they possess with their fellow-unfortunates, even though the giver may himself be suffering at the moment the pangs of hunger. Little do the aristocratic or fashionable part of the community know what friendly emotions glow towards others in similar circumstances, in the bosoms of those whose persons are clothed in rags, and in whose existence the enjoyment of an ample meal, even of the

homeliest kind, constitutes an era. Far more of that humanity and kindliness which ennoble and adorn our species, is to be found in the cellars and garrets of Drury Lane or Bethnal Green, than in the magnificent mansions which rear their heads in Berkeley or Belgrave Square. And wherever there is *heart*, there will always be happiness. In many a breast which never knew any better covering than that afforded by tattered clothes of the coarsest material, there dwell a much greater amount and far higher order of bliss, than tenant the aristocratic bosom which is encased in silks and satins. It is not in the outward appearance, that we are to seek for the evidence of human happiness. The great Author of our being has mercifully made our happiness here, to consist immeasurably more in the habitual state of the heart, than in any of the outward accidents of life.

The assistance which Mr. Freeling had given, on the previous night, to the family referred to

in the last chapter, being only, as there mentioned, of such amount as would suffice until the following day; and he, in consequence of numerous engagements which required the previous attention of his medical friend, not being able to fulfil his promise of another visit until late in the afternoon, the little provisions they had been able to procure were all gone, and the children began to cry for food.

Few, if any—it is to be hoped none—of those who peruse these lines, know what it is to have seen their children crying for food, while without the means of administering to the necessities of the young famishing creatures. It must be a painful sight. It were impossible to imagine anything that could inflict a deeper pang on the parental heart. To suffer hunger one's self—painful as real hunger is—may be borne; but, to hear the cries of one's innocent offspring for something to eat, and not to have anything to give them, is beyond endurance.

It was too much for the feelings of the father

of this family. Leaving the poor mother—to use his own homely, but expressive phraseology —“in the head of the children,” he went out. To do what? To try to get some provisions for them? No; he had given over all idea of that. He had already exhausted all his ingenuity in the attempt to procure employment, or any temporary supply for the wants of his family. Why then go out? Because—and let the author here repeat what he has before remarked, that he is drawing no imaginary picture—because the cries of his children for food were too much for his feelings. He quitted the house, that he might be beyond the reach of their voice.

Just as he had got to the outside, he was met by Mr. Freeling and his medical friend. “I am sorry,” remarked Mr. Freeling, “that I have not been able to call on you earlier: the cause of my being so late is, that my medical friend had other previous appointments, too urgent to be postponed for an hour. How is your daughter?”

“ She is much in the same state, sir, as you saw her yesterday.”

“ And where are you going just now ?” inquired Mr. Freeling.

“ I'll go back with you, sir, if you please.”

“ That is not necessary, if you were going on any business of importance,” observed Mr. Freeling.

“ No, sir, I was not going on any particular business.”

“ Were you going out with a view of doing something for your family ?”

“ No, sir, I was not.”

“ You are sure ?”

“ Quite sure, sir.”

“ Because if you were, you had better not go back with us. We can go up-stairs ourselves.”

“ No, sir, I was not. I was only going out”—here his feelings quite overcame him—“ that I might be out of the hearing of the cries of my children.”

Both Mr. Freeling and his medical friend were deeply touched by this brief sentence. They concurred in saying, that no representation of extreme distress, short and simple as the sentence was, ever appeared to them so full of expression. An hour's detail of the wretchedness of the poor man's family, could not have conveyed a better idea of the extremity of that wretchedness.

All three then went up-stairs. The medical gentleman saw the dying daughter. The image of death was, indeed, so legibly impressed on her pale, emaciated countenance, that it needed neither medical skill, nor the putting of any questions to her as to the symptoms of her malady, to lead to the conclusion that she was on the verge of the grave.

The physician asked for a pen and ink to write some prescription—not in the vain hope of assisting in her recovery, but with the view of lessening the pain caused by her fever and almost unintermitting cough, and of otherwise

smoothing, as far as might be, the few remaining stages of her journey to the tomb.

There was neither pen, ink, nor paper, in the desolate abode. "But, sir," said the father of the family, "I will run out and fetch them for you."

"Oh, no," replied the medical man, drawing out a letter from his pocket, and tearing off a portion of the sheet on which there was no writing, "I will make this do." He had previously had a pencil in his hand.

"The stranger in the next room has a pen and ink," suggested the mother.

"Oh, ay, so he has," remarked the father; and he hurried into the adjoining apartment to procure the articles. These being brought, the medical gentleman wrote the prescription.

While in the act of doing so, Mr. Freeling inquired who the inmate of the adjoining room was.

"That we do not know, sir," replied the mother of the family.

“ Do you know nothing at all of him ? ”

“ Nothing beyond this—that he came about ten weeks ago, in a state of great destitution, and has very rarely quitted his bed during the day, but has been in the habit of going out for an hour or two after dark.”

“ Do you know his name ? ”

“ We do not, sir; he is very reserved, rarely speaking to us, except in answer to any question put to him. But we are sure he has been in better circumstances: there was something very genteel about his manner when he first came.”

“ Do you think he would be willing to see me ? ” inquired Mr. Freeling.

“ I do not know, sir; but he has great need of the doctor, for he has been very ill for the last few days.”

“ You had better step in and see him,” suggested Mr. Freeling, addressing himself to his medical friend.

The other at once assented, Mr. Freeling remaining to converse with the dying girl on

subjects connected with that eternal world into which she was about to be ushered.

The medical gentleman accordingly entered the apartment in which the sick stranger was lying; and, accustomed though he was, like all physicians and surgeons practising in poor neighbourhoods, to witness scenes of destitution and misery of which the bulk of mankind have no conception, he had never seen anything equal to what he now beheld. The place had a most dismal, as well as destitute, appearance. The window was not large; while fronting, and within two yards of it, there was a damp, gloomy wall, belonging to an adjoining house. Little light, therefore, could, under any circumstances, be admitted into this hole—for it deserved no better name—but that little was, on this occasion, rendered, by accidental circumstances, still less. In the first place, there was not a whole pane of glass in the window. Some of the broken panes were covered over with patches of brown paper; and a few rags had

been stuffed in the others. Then, again, this particular day not only happened to be one of rain and wind, but it had rained and blown a strong cold gale all the previous night and that morning. The consequence was, that the paper-tinkering had been broken, and the rags which were intended to keep out the wind and rain at other places, were, in every instance with one exception, blown inside. Thus exposed to the wind and rain—for the tenant of the place was too enfeebled to sit up in his bed, far less to rise and attempt re-stopping up the holes—the latter was, as a matter of course, blown into the miserable apartment in copious quantities. The place on which the sick man lay, without any elevation from the floor at all, and without anything but a quantity of carpenters' shavings beneath him and an old piece of carpet and a fragment of a blanket above him; this place was close to the wall, and within two or three feet of the window. The wall was damp at any time, but was doubly so at the present

time, owing to the recent heavy rains, blown about as these had been in all parts adjacent to the window. The ceiling was broken, and the walls had, everywhere, such a dilapidated appearance as to conjure up apprehensions of personal danger, from their falling about one's ears. The only piece of furniture in the place was a broken cupboard, without a single particle of food of any description in it, or the slightest traces of there having been any at a recent date. The hearth was altogether fireless; and, so far as appearances went, there was no reason to suppose there ever had been fuel in it. As the place was not only, as already remarked, dark at any time, but was doubly so at this time, because of the stormy state of the weather, while the shades of night were beginning to fall—the medical gentleman expressed a wish to have a lighted candle. There was none in the room; there never had been any since its present occupier had entered it. Inquiry was made whether there was one in the next room,

where Mr. Freeling was now kneeling at the bedside of the dying girl. There was a small remnant of one there, in the purchase of which the last halfpenny the parents could command had been expended the previous evening, lest their daughter should expire in the course of the night, and they be deprived of the melancholy gratification of witnessing her last look. She had spent a very bad night, and the candle was consequently burned to the socket. A mere fragment of the wick was all that remained. It was so small that it could neither give an adequate light, nor could it last more than a minute or two at most. The medical gentleman therefore sent out for a candle with a penny of his own. On its being lighted, it was with great difficulty, in consequence of the gusts of wind which came whistling into the place through the broken panes, that it could be kept burning. The doctor sat down beside the sick man, on a piece of wood which had been a chair, but, deprived of its back, had now

more the appearance of a stool. He felt the sufferer's pulse, inspected his tongue, inquired into the circumstances under which his malady had first manifested itself, and into the nature of its present symptoms. He came to the conclusion, as the result of his inquiries and examinations, that the stranger was in a very critical state. He thought that, with proper care, the patient might possibly recover; but felt certain that, had he been allowed to spend the coming night in the situation in which he then was, his case by the morrow would have been beyond the compass of human skill. The medical gentleman was struck with the intelligent answers which he received to all his questions, and with the intellectual expression of the sick man's countenance, notwithstanding all the ravages which disease had made upon it. Anxious to learn something of the sufferer's history, he endeavoured to elicit the desired information by putting a few questions to him in the most delicate manner possible.

“Have you been long in this cold and unhealthy place?”

“Not very long, sir, and yet much too long,” was the answer.

“Some months?”

“No, sir, not months; but I have been here about ten weeks.”

“That is too long; indeed, ten hours would be so; for the place is not fit for a beast, far less for a human being, to live in.”

“I was well aware of that, sir, when I took it; but I could not help myself.”

“Then you have been in better circumstances than your living in this place would imply,” remarked the medical gentleman.

“Ah, yes, sir; and I have my own folly to blame for the great change which has taken place in my position in society. Bad company, sir, has been my ruin.”

“Oh, I see how it is; you have been led away, by acquaintances, to the gambling-table.”

“No, sir; that is not it. I never was in a

gambling-house in my life ; but I have been led away by my companions to houses which, if habitually frequented, are nearly, in the long run, as ruinous in their tendency. I mean public-houses."

"Those places are bad, certainly. I have known many a young man of great promise, whose prospects in life have been blasted for ever by habitually visiting public-houses. Had you no friend to point out to you the peril of frequenting those places, and to try to dissuade you from associating with improper persons?"

"I had, sir ; I had several friends, but one in particular, who earnestly entreated me to guard against entering places where habits of inebriety and indolence were so generally formed ; and who also warned me against associating with unprincipled men. But"—

"You disregarded their advice," said the medical gentleman, interrupting his patient.

"I did, sir, unhappily ; and you now see me reaping the reward of my folly."

Here the unfortunate man put his hand to his forehead, which he pressed with great force. A pause of some seconds ensued.

“ Do any of your friends know of your present position ? ” inquired the doctor.

“ I hardly know, sir, if I have any friends, in the proper acceptation of the word—alive. Of this I am certain, that he who was emphatically and especially my friend is dead.”

“ Well, but there are some of your acquaintances alive ; and surely no one who knew you before could be aware of your present situation without wishing to assist you.”

“ My acquaintances were chiefly, almost exclusively, literary men ; and they, as a class, are not remarkable for their disposition to assist one another in the hour of need.”

“ May I take the liberty of asking whether you yourself are a literary man ? ” said the medical gentleman.

“ I *was* a literary man ; I am nothing now,” was the reply.

The other now felt a still deeper interest than before in his unknown patient.

“I would not wish to ask any question that might hurt your feelings ; but, if you would”—

Before the sentence was concluded, Mr. Freeling entered the room. His friend did not resume the question he was in the act of putting, but remarked that he (meaning the sick person) was very ill.

“I’m sorry to hear it,” remarked Mr. Freeling. “Have you been long ill?” he inquired in kindly accents, turning to the stranger. And, as he spoke, he took the candle from the hand of his friend, and looked in the sufferer’s face.

The latter gazed for a moment or two, with an indescribable look, on the countenance of Mr. Freeling, and then buried his face in the tattered blanket which covered him.

“Do you feel worse?” inquired the medical gentleman.

“No, sir,” replied the patient, in accents

which expressed the tumultuous emotions which agitated his bosom. "No, sir; that is not it."

Again he looked at Mr. Freeling, and again he covered his face with the blanket.

"Do you know me?" inquired Mr. Freeling, surprised at the eagerness of his gaze.

"I think I do—Mr. Freeling?"

Both gentlemen were struck with astonishment at the recognition.

"I have no recollection of having seen you before," remarked Mr. Freeling.

"We have met in Mr. Lovegood's house," said the other.

Mr. Freeling looked in the sick man's face as he spoke, to see if he could recognise him; but he could not.

"I do not remember to have ever seen you before," repeated Mr. Freeling.

"I am not surprised at that; I am so altered."

"How long ago may it be since we met?"

"Not eighteen months."

“ Am I,” said Mr. Freeling, after a moment’s hesitation, and as he caught another glimpse of the sufferer’s face ; “ am I speaking to Mr. Jenkins ? ”

“ You are.”

The discovery greatly shocked Mr. Freeling. He was pained beyond expression at seeing, in so deplorable a condition, one whom he had repeatedly met with before, and in whose welfare he had taken a deep interest, because he had so often heard his friend Mr. Lovegood express great anxiety on his account.

After a momentary pause, occasioned by the confusion consequent on so unexpected a discovery, Mr. Freeling took Joseph’s hand, now little better than skin and bone, in his own, and expressed the regret he felt at finding him so painfully circumstanced. The remainder of the affecting interview, we will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, that both Mr. Freeling and his medical friend now took a special interest in Joseph. He was not in a condition

to be that night removed to another place ; but a person was immediately got to wait on him during the night. A fire was lighted in the room ; a board was put up in the window, to prevent the entrance of farther rain or cold ; blankets and a pillow were procured ; and such little luxuries as were suitable to one in his situation were brought to him. The medical gentleman, after prescribing certain medicines for Joseph, was obliged to leave, for a short time, to see other patients. Mr. Freeling, in the meantime, remained with Joseph ; the latter communicating to him the painful particulars of his recent unfortunate history. In a few hours the medical man returned, and already discovered symptoms of a decided improvement in the state of Joseph's health.

Mr. Freeling and his medical friend then quitted Joseph's apartment for the night. Before leaving the house, they administered to the necessities of the family so often already referred to, living on the same floor with him. The

daughter was evidently rapidly approaching her end; but the medical gentleman thought it probable that she would survive for at least some days to come.

CHAPTER XV.

Death of the girl referred to in the previous chapter—Joseph's gradual recovery—Becomes a changed man.

AT an early hour on the following morning, Mr. Freeling and his medical friend called to inquire both for Joseph and the dying girl. They found the latter dead: she had expired about four in the morning, rejoicing in the hope of a happy hereafter, and uttering, as long as she was able to articulate, expressions of thankfulness to the Association through whose instrumentality she had been brought to a knowledge of the truth. The parents were wholly resigned to the bereavement they had sustained. Poor and destitute as they were, they now felt,

through the power of religious consolation, far more tranquil and happy in their minds than they had ever felt before.

Joseph, through the unremitting attentions paid to him by the nurse, was found to be very considerably better. All danger, indeed, with proper care, was now past. It was not so much medicine that he needed, as warmth, comfort, and suitable food. Every attention continued to be paid him, and in the course of two days he had so far recovered as to be fit to be removed to other and more comfortable lodgings, which Mr. Freeling had provided for him. What added to the grace of Mr. Freeling's benevolence was, that nothing that he did for Joseph appeared to be done as if it were an act of charity. He gave Joseph two sovereigns wherewith to pay his lodgings, and procure any trifling articles; mentioning, that Joseph could repay him when he was again in circumstances to do so. He also sent him his own tailor, to furnish him with whatever cloth-

ing he might require; adding, that he would be security for Joseph's duly paying the amount of the bill.

As Joseph progressed towards convalescence, his mind was unceasingly occupied with the wonderful interposition which had been made on his behalf. A few hours more, and he would have been beyond the reach of medical skill. His own judgment fully assented to the truth of what Mr. Freeling earnestly sought to impress on him—namely, that the hand of Providence had been most clearly put forth for his deliverance from the grave. Mr. Freeling entreated him to lose sight of the instrumentality through which he had been rescued from death, and to give to Him who reigns on earth as well as in heaven, the gratitude due for so wondrous an interposition. Joseph's heart, as well as his judgment, responded to this. His mind was now occupied with religious considerations, to the exclusion of all others. The recollection of religious truths which had repeatedly fallen

from Mr. Lovegood's lips, and which had ever since been absent from his mind, now revived with a marvellous vividness and power. On these things Joseph reflected and pondered, until his mind experienced a thorough change. He now became a believer in Christianity with his heart, as he had, for some time past, given the assent of his judgment to the justice of its claims to the character of a divine revelation. He was struck with the difference there is between the two kinds of belief: the one was cold, cheerless, inoperative; the other filled his mind with unspeakable joy, and produced an entire change in his conduct.

CHAPTER XVI.

Something retrospective—Joseph's recovery—Joins a Christian congregation—His happy frame of mind—Obtains a situation—Marries—Becomes a partner—The conclusion.

BEFORE proceeding farther with Joseph's history, we must go back, for a few moments, to that dark and eventful portion of it in which he met with his matrimonial disappointment. We followed him to the door of his landlady's house in the alley leading from Drury Lane, and there lost sight of him. When he reached Drury Lane, he hesitated, for a moment, as to which way he should go; for he had no definite place in his view, nor any intelligible reason for quitting his lodgings, other than that he fancied that the landlady or somebody else in the house might possibly be aware of the mortifying circum-

stance which had occurred. It is curious how we are always apt to imagine, whenever an incident of an unpleasant nature occurs to us, that it will be sure to be known to others, even though a moment's consideration would satisfy us that, if we only kept our own secrets, nobody else could possibly learn them. The correspondence which had taken place between him and "Matilda" could never, in the nature of things, have been known to any one else, if he only chose to preserve the secret; for "Matilda" could not divulge it without making herself quite as ridiculous as Joseph. Even from her husband, she would be careful to preserve that correspondence a profound secret; for if he once knew that she had had recourse to such an expedient, it must lower her so much in his estimation as that he would never afterwards be able to treat her with any measure of respect. Joseph, however, never thought of taking this view of the subject, obvious though it was. He took it for granted,

in the excitement of the moment, that everybody who knew him would know what had occurred. Under this impression, therefore, he hastily tied up a few tattered articles of clothing in a pocket handkerchief, hurried down-stairs, paid his landlady, and rushed out of the house and out of the alley—literally not knowing where he meant to go. On reaching Drury Lane, as already mentioned, he hesitated, for a moment, as to what direction he should take, and then proceeded towards Holborn. On reaching it, he was again as bewildered as before, as to whether he should proceed in an eastward or westward course, or whether he ought not to cross over to Museum Street. He decided on the latter direction, though why he did so he could not tell. He then turned off at Great Russell Street towards Tottenham Court Road, and thence loiteringly proceeded in the direction of the New Road. On reaching the latter place, he took the road leading to Camden Town; still not knowing where he was going, or why

he was taking that particular direction. He was, indeed, all this time in a state of mind bordering on phrenzy. On reaching High Street, Camden Town, he turned back, taking the road which leads to Seymour Street, Euston Square. In that neighbourhood he went into a public-house, and ordered a pint of beer. There he remained for about two hours, when, it being time to shut up for the night, he was again obliged to betake himself to the streets. It is curious that, all this time, he never thought of inquiring for new lodgings, not even for the night. He walked about in that neighbourhood until two in the morning, when a policeman came up to him, and, not receiving satisfactory answers to his questions, took him to the station-house. The policeman's opinion was not that he had committed any crime, but that he was either so far affected in his mind as to be incapable of taking care of himself, or that he meditated suicide. In the morning, however, having become more com-

posed, the inspector discharged him without bringing him before the magistrate at Hatton Garden Office. This was very fortunate for Joseph; for, had he been brought there, it is probable some of the reporters attending for morning papers there, would have known him. On being let out of the station-house in the morning, he proceeded in the direction of Gray's Inn Road, where he entered a coffee-house, and had some refreshment. There he remained for three hours; and on leaving, he took the direction of Holborn. On passing one of the densely populated alleys opposite Gray's Inn, it occurred to him, that not only must lodgings be cheap in such a neighbourhood, but that there he would run no risk of ever being discovered by any one who knew him.

All hopes of recovering his lost position in society, or even of earning for himself the humblest subsistence, had now entirely vanished from his mind. When he entered the miserable place in which he was so providentially dis-

covered by Mr. Freeling, it was with the impression that there he should die. Not that he wished to die, but that he deemed death inevitable. Had he, indeed, desired death, he would before now have had recourse to suicide ; but his mind was haunted with such terrible apprehensions of a future state, knowing, as he did, that he was not a *practical* believer in Christianity, as caused him to contemplate death with dread dismay. The reader will picture to himself what must have been the misery of a man whose mind was thus exercised, while his body was the subject of physical destitution and of great debility. What, above all, must have been the utter wretchedness of his condition at the time Mr. Freeling and his medical friend first met with him ! Over and above the misery consequent on being confined to such a bed, and in such a place, he had, for the last few days, experienced the utmost horror of mind consequent on a conviction that he was on the verge of the grave, without feeling prepared for it. And

but, as before mentioned, for the providential interposition on his behalf, he could not have survived many days.

We now return to Joseph, where we left him in the comfortable lodgings provided for him by Mr. Freeling. He was now so far recovered as to be able to walk about his room for two or three hours at a time. In a fortnight more his health was sufficiently restored to allow of his going out when the weather was fine. Every day, and every hour of the day, during the progress of his recovery, was his mind filled with gratitude and wonder, as he looked back on the singular circumstances under which he had been snatched from the grave. And the more he thought on the subject, the deeper did he feel the obligations under which he lay, to consecrate the remainder of his life to the service of Him who had interposed, in so wonderful a manner, on his behalf. As the first step towards this, he resolved to connect himself with a Christian congregation; first in the capacity of

hearer, and afterwards, as soon as circumstances would admit, in that of a member. In accordance with this resolution, the very first Sabbath day that his medical adviser thought the state of his health would permit of the step, he attended a place of worship. It need not be remarked that, with his altered views and renewed mind, that place of worship was one in which evangelical doctrines were inculcated. As he crossed the threshold of the sanctuary, the recollection of the long interval—an interval of ten years—which had elapsed since he had before been in the house of God, came forcibly across his mind; and as he reflected on the circumstance, the sacrifice of a grateful heart that he was once more privileged to enter it, ascended upwards to the sanctuary above. As each successive portion of the service came and passed, he thought of the difference in the state of mind with which he now listened to, or took part in, it, compared with the state of his mind when attending a place of worship ten years

before. Everything was new to him; he felt as if he were in another world. Passages of Scripture which had formerly fallen listlessly on his ear, were now clothed with a meaning, importance, and power, which he felt it impossible to describe. Formerly he had felt no interest in the sermon; now every word seemed as if it had been intended exclusively for himself. Formerly it had been a task, a punishment, to spend two hours in a place of worship; now it was an unspeakable delight.

But we must not enter into the subject religiously, as this does not profess to be a religious work. In the course of six weeks from the time of Joseph's first Sabbath out, he became a member of the church to which we refer.

On his entire recovery, Mr. Freeling procured for him a situation in a mercantile house of the highest respectability, at a salary of £150 a-year. This was not half so much as he had earned during the period he had held his newspaper engagements; but with his altered views

and altered habits, £150 was worth four times the amount when living, as he himself expressed it, in his “thoughtless condition.” Indeed, he did not spend on himself the half of this £150. He appropriated the larger portion of his first quarter’s salary to the repayment of the small sums advanced to him by Mr. Freeling; to the liquidation of the tailor’s claims; and to the redemption of the trinkets which had belonged to his mother, which he had pledged to the pawnbroker.

Nor were the family forgotten who had lived on the same miserable floor with him, in the alley leading out of Gray’s Inn Lane, and through whose instrumentality Mr. Freeling and his medical friend had been first led to visit him. He was deeply sensible of the claims which they had on his purse, as well as on his gratitude; and he was not slow to aid them. He not only assisted them with his means, limited though they were, but in the course of a few weeks after the period to which we refer, he

succeeded in getting constant employment for the husband, at a much higher rate of wages than he had ever before received. The family were by this means enabled to take two apartments in a respectable neighbourhood, instead of the miserable hole they occupied when he and they got acquainted. Of this family it is not necessary to say more, than that the father and mother by this time furnished, by their conduct, the most conclusive evidence, so far as the mind of man is competent to form a judgment in such matters, of a completely spiritual change; while the excellent example they set their children, and the great pains they took in instilling the principles of vital religion into their minds, justify the hope that they also are destined to embrace, if they have not already embraced, the same saving and sanctifying faith as that which is now the happiness of their parents.

Joseph, for a little time, felt a certain degree of irksomeness in his new situation. Mercan-

tile matters appeared strange to him ; but all unpleasantness of feeling was got over in the space of a few months. The exceeding kindness of those above him, and especially of the most active partner in the firm, greatly conduced to this result. That partner not only, when in the counting-house, treated Joseph as if on a footing of perfect equality with him, but often invited him to partake of the hospitalities of his table. Nor was this all ; all the family treated Joseph with the greatest respect, and evinced a decided partiality for his company. This was not to be wondered at ; for his manners, which, as remarked in the first chapter of the first volume, were naturally pleasing, had been made much more so by the purifying and amiable tendencies of the Christian faith. He possessed great conversational powers, and his personal appearance was prepossessing. If to these qualities, personal and mental, be superadded his superior intellectual acquirements, need we be surprised that the eldest

daughter of his employer and friend—she being a young woman of religious principles, and passionately fond of literary pursuits—formed an ardent attachment to him. His only apprehension was, that the young lady's parents might deem it presumption in him, considering recent circumstances, to aspire to her hand. He expressed his fears. She assured him they were groundless.

“Are you certain?” he eagerly asked, afraid lest she should only be fondly inferring the feelings of her parents from her own.

“I am quite sure, Joseph.”

“I am afraid you are only *hoping*, or persuading yourself, they will concur in our union.”

“Oh, no, it is not hope or belief only; it is certainty.”

“Have you expressly asked their consent?”

“I have.”

“And have they given it?”

“They have.”

“And may I formally venture to ask you of them?”

“You may, whenever convenient to yourself, with the certainty of receiving the most cordial concurrence of both to our union.”

Joseph, that very evening, intimated his intentions respecting their daughter to the parents. The result was as he had been led to expect. They severally expressed their perfect concurrence in the proposed union of their daughter with Joseph; adding the expression of a hope, that they would find the connexion productive of the greatest mutual happiness. “Allow me farther to say,” remarked the father, “that whatever we can do to conduce to that desirable end, will be done.”

It were impossible to give any idea of the joy which the assurance of the entire concurrence of the parents with his proposed marriage with their daughter, afforded to the mind of Joseph.

It is unnecessary to add that, all his appre-

hensions being thus found to be groundless, he expressed to his bride-elect his wish that their marriage should take place as soon as might be agreeable to her. To this wish she returned a ready response ; for it was one which she equally felt with himself.

In a few weeks more, Joseph was a married man, receiving with his wife, not only virtue and beauty, but a handsome sum of money. Need it be added that, after his wife's fortune came into his hands, one of the very first things he did was, to pay all his former debts, amounting to upwards of 400*l*.

Most works of the nature of the present, end with the marriage of the hero. We shall not deviate, to any great extent, from the orthodox rule. The only farther demand we shall make on our readers' attention will be, to accompany us through two pages more. Soon after his marriage, Joseph was received as a partner into the firm ; one of the other two partners, in addition to his father-in-law, having retired

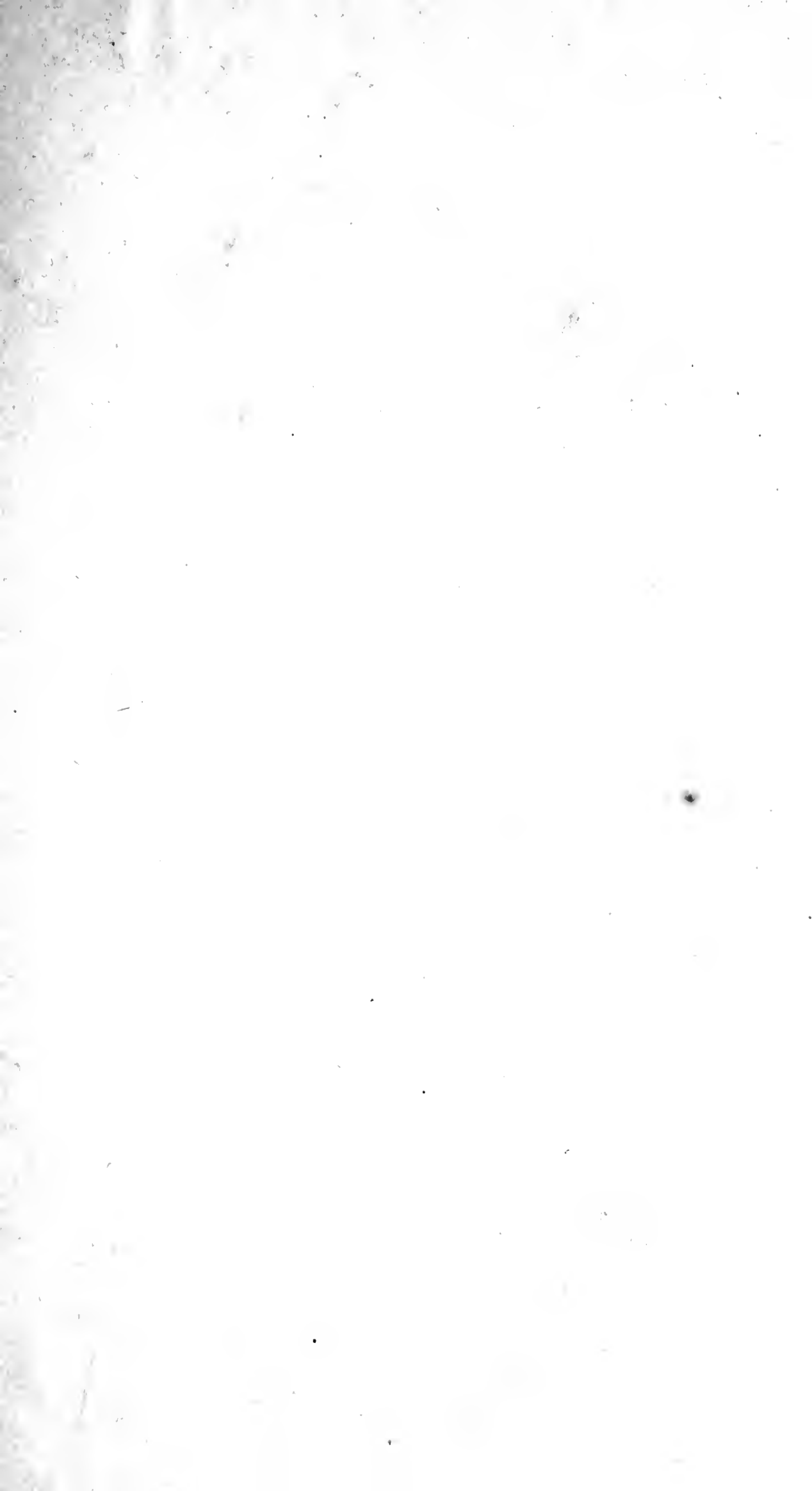
from business. The house, in a few months more, opened up a branch establishment in one of the large manufacturing towns, the entire management of which establishment was confided to Joseph. And he having devoted his attention to mercantile matters ever since he had been connected with them, and all his transactions being guided by strictly religious principles, the branch business soon became one of great profit, and is still continuing to flourish under his auspices.

Can it be necessary to add that, with the altered views he now entertained, it was his earnest and unceasing desire to undo, as far as he could, the injury to morals and vital religion which he had done to both during the thoughtless period of his life. He felt that, in this respect, a weighty responsibility rested on him. He accordingly resolved to devote whatever spare time he could command—and he contrives to command a great deal—to the promotion of pious and benevolent objects. Every religious

and charitable institution in the place has, ever since his settlement in it, found in him a zealous supporter. And in his conversation with those whom he meets with in the intercourse of private life, as well as at public meetings held for religious purposes, he dwells emphatically on the wondrous exhibition of divine sovereignty made in the change which his views have undergone. He not only contrasts his bright and blessed prospects in reference to the future, with his gloomy forebodings and awful apprehensions before experiencing that change, but expatiates with rapture on the advantages, even in a temporal sense, which he has derived from his transformation of character. His mind, amid all the changes of life, is composed and peaceful. All is sunshine around him. He could not before have believed it possible, that so much happiness as he enjoys could be possessed on earth. If, as was remarked in a previous chapter, the inscription on his forehead ought, while living in his unrenewed

condition, to have been—"Of all men the most miserable;" it ought now to be—"Religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

THE END.



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